

THE AMERICAN Greatest Circulation in the World WEEKLY

"The Nation's Reading Habit"

Magazine Section—Boston Advertiser
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Week of April 27, 1941

Wonderlands Under the Sea

By WILLIAM CROWDER,
Naturalist and Marine Artist

NO ONE has yet been able to descend to the very deep parts of the ocean. The greatest depths are somewhat over six miles; man has penetrated in person only to a point about half a mile below the surface, less than one-twelfth of the maximum depth of the sea. Nonetheless, by means of especially constructed trawls, dredges and other apparatus the greatest depths have been investigated and it has been discovered that in all of them a strange and wonderful life exists.

Here dwell those dark-loving forms whose residence for generations upon generations in these remote reaches has endowed them with an appearance apart from the ancestral type, and with beauty—but a beauty of a strange and monstrous kind. Take the sea-dragons, fishes whose great heads are possessed of strong jaws armed with long and terrible teeth, yet their gracefully slender bodies gleam with iridescence and color that give them a fetching if awful look.

Then again, take the specter fish. This rover of the depths is remarkable less for its short yet almost equally powerful and efficient teeth than for its fantastic fins and its somewhat colorless and spectral-hued body.

Here, too, on the very floor, crawling over the silt and ooze, is the curiously worm-like holothurian, or sea-cucumber, with its pretty petal-like corolla of feathery gills. It may be surprising

to some to learn that this strange thing is somewhat closely kin to the common starfish. Indeed, it is held by certain naturalists to be an excellent example of regressive evolution; that is to say, this creature, instead of having evolved from a lower to a higher type, has reversed the process by degenerating from a higher starfish-like creature to its present form.

But also in these sunless regions reside many real worms. One kind, called the scale-worm because its back is covered with overlapping scales, is brilliantly luminescent. It sometimes occurs in shoals of countless hundreds. Such shoals, shifting with the swimming habits of these creatures, light up the surroundings with an eerie ghostly blue-green light.

In the deeper levels wave action no longer makes itself felt, great oceanic currents are absent, and the water is still and cold—nearly freezing—and utterly without any light from the sun. The darkness is relieved only by the light of phosphorescent animals. Enormous pressures of the water—sometimes over three tons to the square inch—thus tend to make opinion of all kinds extremely slow, and many animals found living there are adapted to withstand this environment by having bodies so soft and delicate that when they are brought to the surface they

(Continued on Page 13)



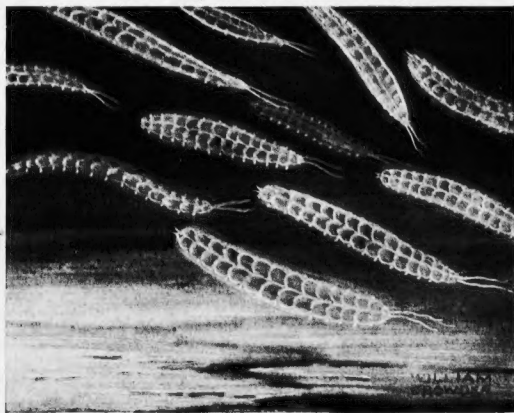
MORGOBLINS OF THE DEEP

Scene at Edge of Continental Shelf Near Cape Hatteras, Showing the Sea-dragon *Chauliodus* Shoanel (Upper) and the Specter-fish *Bregmaceros* Sp. (Lower Middle) in Pursuit of Young Surface-Inhabiting Fishes (Lower). Many Deep-Sea Fishes Come to the Surface for Food, Doing So at Night, Returning to the Depths at Dawn.



SEA-CUCUMBER FROM THE BAHAMAS

Like a Jade Necklace with a Flower-like Pendant, But Actually an Animal Related to the Starfishes and Sea-Urchins. The Petal-like Structure of This Giant Synapta Is Its Sensitive Feeder, or Tentacles, With Which It Savours Food Particles. The Knobs Along the Body Assist the Animal to Creep.



LUMINOUS SEA-WORMS

Aphrodites, or Scale-Worms, Are Often Iridescent by Reflected Light as Well as "Phosphorescent" in the Dark. They Are Common Food for Many Different Species of Fishes.

Tragic New Troubles for Europe's Two Boy Kings

Never Is Young King Michael Out of Sight of Those Sleepless, Tireless, Ever-Vigilant Eyes of the Spies Set to Watch Him—Agents of the Guards, and Other Nazis Whose First Duty Is to Keep Him Out of Contact With His Girl Friend Lulu, Who They Fear May Become Another Madame Lupescu.

"TO LIVE like a king," Two royal boys who have just ascended two Balkan thrones are finding out by experience, what this really means—and it is no fun. They are Their Majesties, King Michael of Rumania and King Peter II of invaded but defiant Yugoslavia. The situation of one is heroic, the other pitiful, but tragedy hangs over both young heads.

When King Michael was a child, with the title Grand Voivoda, or heir apparent, he was housed by nurses, governesses and bodyguards who kept him a prisoner within the grounds of the various palaces. Worst of all, he was never permitted to play with any of the interesting common boys and girls who peeped through the bars of great iron gates.

He had more clothes but less freedom than probably any other youngster in the kingdom, outside of a penal institution. But when things became so unbearable that he thought of running away, he was consoled by the assurance that some day he would grow up to be a king and, like his father, "do as he sweet pleased."

Nobody denied that King Carol pranced gaily along the princely path, indulging in so much personal freedom that Michael's mother, the eminently respectable former Princess Helen of Greece, went home to mother over his behavior.

When there were attempts to curb Carol's cutting up, he abdicated with royal disdain and went on a morganatic honeymoon with his red-headed girl-friend, Magda Lupescu. This made little Michael technically a king, and gave him the title of "Majesty" but that was all. Under a Regency he had if anything more guards and less freedom than before. So Michael didn't care one way or the other when one day, Papa Carol returned, girl-friend and all, to resume his throne and his whorship. The Grand Voivoda could only hope that Papa would take another run-out. Michael was old enough to be a real king, boss of his own kingdom and what was more important, boss of his own personal behavior.

Last year it happened. Carol's always uneasy throne became so unstable that he hastily tossed the crown to his son again and banded with his life, his playmate Magda, and not much else. Michael, now 20, was old enough to rule in his own right, a real king at last, and started out to live like one only to find himself with more clothes and less liberty than ever. He is still a prisoner in the palace and his ministers are even more inexorable in telling him exactly what he must and must not do.

Following in his father's footsteps, he decided to play with an interesting girl-friend, Irene Malaxa, known as "Lulu."

Presently his ministers informed him that for reasons of state it would be impossible for the King of Rumania to go out and see Mademoiselle Lulu any more. This was most annoying but perhaps it would be just as well, if she visited him at the palace in Bucharest.

The servants were therefore ordered to alert and dust off the apartment which used to be occupied by Madame Lupescu, Lulu, hoping to become a power in the country like Magda and get her picture in all the papers as the power behind the throne, was delighted, but failed to appear at the appointed hour.

Indeed since Michael's Minister of the Interior and his Minister of War, these dignitaries whom he had already learned to like, were increasingly desolated but must inform His Majesty that visits by Mademoiselle Lulu to the palace would be against the best interests of Rumania and its Nazi losses. This was too much. The young King reached for the telephone, but was told that it would be inadvisable to call the lady's number. It proved to be worse than that, in fact impossible to get anything but a "don't answer" through the palace switchboard.

In royal dudding, King Michael ordered the Ministers to leave his presence, which they did, bowing and backing their way out.



Chip Off the Old Block? Young King Michael and Ex-King Carol of Rumania Who Have Been Separated by Nazi Intrigue.

Michael knew a secret, and as soon as the oppressors were out of sight, tip-toed to his father's apartment. As a kid, he had accidentally discovered how to open a secret panel, which disclosed a hidden telephone whose wire did not go through the switchboard. If it was still in working order, he would show those rulers who was boss of the palace.

To the young ruler's joy, the wire was alive, the operator put the call through promptly and soon Lulu's sad voice was leaving her house, and then the wire went dead, cut by the same iron hand that was cutting all the joy out of his life.

The King dismissed the two Ministers from his cabinet, appointing two others in their place, but neither these nor any others dared serve. After a few days of fruitless efforts there was nothing to do but reappoint the original ministers who had been carrying on meanwhile as if nothing had happened. Michael's trouble is that he is just a royal figurehead on a ship of state in which he is no more than a cabin boy.

The Rumanian Government is not responsible to him nor to the Rumanian people, only to the Iron Guard, the Rumanian FRIU Column which turned the country over to the Nazis without the necessity of a battle.

The German army which has occupied Rumania to "protect" it, gives the orders to the Iron Guard which repeats them to the Government, which tells the King. "There was a little friction between the 'protective' invaders and the Iron Guard until the Nazis with machine guns and tanks persuaded the Guard that its idea of having some say in Rumanian affairs was a delusion. They know now it is one of those 'or-else' propositions. And so does King Michael."

His Own Ministers and the Nazis Are Holding Young Michael of Rumania a Virtual Prisoner Lest His Heart Lead Him Into His Father's Wayward Footsteps, While His Cousin Peter of Yugoslavia Was Called at 17 to Sit Upon a Shaky Throne—and Defy the Might of Ruthless Invaders



Madame Magda Lupescu, Companion and Sweetheart of King Carol, to Whom He Has Remained Faithful and Devoted Throughout His Troublesome Career.

a truck driver. But he found that even his liberty was no longer his.

The Nazis had sanctioned Michael's accession to the throne and told the world that it was with the unanimous approval of the Rumanian nation. To let him abdicate would perhaps suggest that everything was not joy and happiness under the German occupancy. This would be embarrassing, but even worse would be for him to get to the United States with its free press to print the truth which he would doubtless tell.

The Ministers informed him that he must remain King of Rumania, during the Nazi pleasure, until after the war, as long as he lived. The slight accent on that last word suggested that the only way to abdicate would be into the next world.

Just as long as Michael is a good boy from the Nazi point of view and does exactly as he is told, his life is safe, while German bayonets are there to support his throne. After the war he may remain a royal non-entity, or worse still, if his people ever regain their independence he may have to pay a terrible price for his Nazi associations. In the Balkans, they say it with bullets and knives.

Exactly the opposite but equally full of the threat of tragedy is the situation of Peter II of Yugoslavia, a boy not yet quite 18. Peter happened to be in a lucky position which permitted him to evade the risk and responsibility for the most dangerous crisis in the history of any part of his country, a situation from which a stout-hearted man of mature years might well have fled.

He was a king in name only, under the Regency of his uncle, Prince Paul, when the Nazis forced upon Yugoslavia the same dreadful decision of slavery or fight to which their neighbors, Bulgaria and Rumania, had surrendered on the grounds of Axis inevitability. But another neighbor, little Greece had refused and shattered that legend.

It was the question of honor and independence on one hand, the virtual certainty of a bloody, destructive war on the other. However, the responsibility would rest on the Regent and his Government. If the decision was right and things turned out well, Peter could ascend his throne next Fall when he became 18, under favorable conditions. If they decided wrong Peter could not be blamed and, after the disaster he might be able to lead his country back in the right direction.

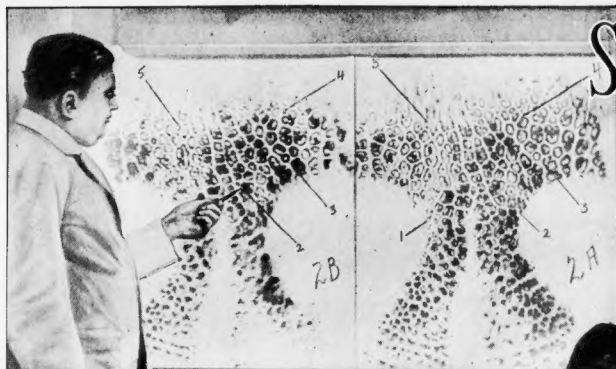
But Paul and the majority of his cabinet, disavowing the protests of the people, signed away the nation's independence. Crowds roared in fury at being sold out, but crowds are helpless against trained soldiery. Soon the Germans would rush in and stop the rousing with bullets, unless the Yugoslav army was willing to resist, against its government's orders. The army hesitated. For where was there a leader?

There are no questions of personal freedom such as choice of girl-friends. During the dark hours while his country's fate was being decided, there was little time for such frivolities. At least he had the choice between safety and the bright face of danger, which Michael did not. Michael came to his throne too late to be anything but a slave king. The Rumanian boy-king can hardly find a way of dying gloriously, if he wishes.

King Carol's escapades were scarcely the kind to make a son heroic; Peter's case was different. The turning point in Peter's life came in October, 1914, when the body of his father, King Alexander, assassinated in Marseille, was brought home for burial. Before that time he had often said he did not want to be king, but afterward he never said it again. He was thinking. The murder might well have made a coward of the boy, instead it made a man of him.

But two powerful influences had much to do with guiding his course. During the Regency he was virtually in retirement, in care of an Archbishop, who seems to have taught him that duty comes first. "This teaching might have fallen on deaf ears had it not been for the previous work of his mother, the Dowager Queen Marie of Yugoslavia, who is in London, recovering from an operation. She said: "I have tried to bring up all three boys to act on their own judgment, to work out their own problems—to be tough."

The Queen Mother did not never tough, in the American sense but an iron character, able to stand up against fear and temptation. He will need it.



Enlargements of Doggy Noseprints Reveal That No Two Canine Snouts Are Exactly Alike, and That They Are a Positive Method of Identification.

DOGS have known what to do with their noses since that distant day when, in the process of evolution, they became a distinct species from their ancestors, the wolves. But it is only recently that science has taken a serious interest in the sniffing end of canines.

Much of the credit for the present technical interest in doggy snouts goes to Richard Meaney, executive vice-president of New York City's Bide-A-Wee Home for Friendless Animals. It was about three years ago that Mr. Meaney, who sometimes entertains as many as 300 lost dogs in his establishment, got to thinking seriously about the noses of his guests and their yapping ilk. He also was pondering whether something couldn't be done to cut down the increasing racket of dogsnapping—the stealing of thoroughbred pets for re-sale or ransom.

Mr. Meaney knew that in cities and towns all over the country thousands of dogs are lost, strayed or stolen every week.

"If there were some positive way of identifying dogs and a central dog registry could be established," said Mr. Meaney to himself, "a lot more people would lose many fewer dogs."

The working head of the Bide-A-Wee Home knows that there were two methods of identification which might be worth consideration—the so-called Bertillon System, which is supposed to identify animals by their size, shape, markings, etc.; and tattooing—that is, putting the dog's name and license number somewhere on his hide with indelible ink.

This line of reasoning eventually brought Mr. Meaney around to the subject of fingerprints. No two, he knows, are alike. Why not try paw-prints? Maybe they are as distinctive as the whorls and curves on the tips of human fingers. So he made paw-prints—hundreds of them.

He took the best of these to the experts in the Federal Bureau of Investigation to find out if they thought that dogs could really be identified in this manner. The gentlemen of the F.B.I. were courteous but discouraging. It might be possible, they said. But a dog's paw is his most vulnerable extremity, likely to be scarred and calloused as he grows older. Besides the hair between the dog's toes make paw-prints hard to

real because they are smudgy. The F.B.I. knew about a Mr. John Dondoro, head of the Parrot Identification Laboratory. They thought he might be able to help Mr. Meaney work out a practical way of identifying dogs. So Messrs. Meaney and Dondoro got together. They talked and talked—and suddenly they had the inspiration of taking a dog's noseprint.

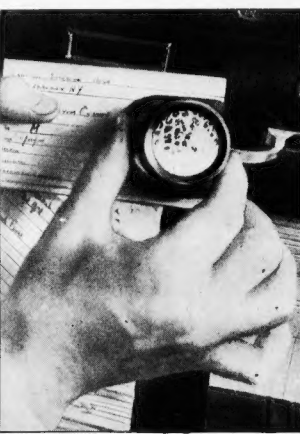
Their first print was made on the snout of a German Shepherd dog belonging to Mr. Dondoro's secretary. It came out in clear detail. They made a second print and it was an exact duplication of the first.

Then these gentlemen noseprinted another German Shepherd to see if its noseprint was different. It was. And for two years this team experimented. They made over 7,000 noseprints of big dogs, little dogs, thoroughbreds and mutts. No two noseprints were alike and each of them was a certain means of identification. The outgrowth of this long and careful scientific study of dog's noses led to the formation of an organization which is called Noseprints, Inc. With the co-operation of veterinarians and

breeders all over the country it hopes to establish several centers where noseprints can be systematically filed and be instantly available to dog owners when one of their pets wanders away or falls into the hands of a racketeer.

As the photograph above shows, it is a simple matter to make slides of the nose prints and project them on a screen for close study. Of the thousands of dogs nose printed, only a few ob- jected to having a record made of their very moist snouts.

This Is the Way a Noseprint Is Taken. A Specially Treated Card Is Rolled Gently from the Top of the Nose, Recording Every Detail of the Rubbery Snout.



Thousands of Noseprints Can Be Filed in One Small Cabinet, and It Is a Simple Matter to Check the Identity of a Thoroughbred Dog, or to Help the Police Track Down a Valuable Dog That Has Been Kidnaped.

SCIENCE FINDS A NEW USE FOR DOGS' NOSES

It Makes Prints of Them—Just as the Police Collect Fingerprints—to Discourage Dogsnapping Racketeers From Stealing People's Pets, and to Help Breeders and Buyers Keep the Branches of the Canine Family Trees From Getting All Tangled Up

A Blooded Nansen "Bob," Having Had His Noseprint Taken, Gets a Record of His Identity, Fastened to a Special Gadget Attached to His Collar.



Using Wild Geese As Farmhands

GEESSE as cotton field hands sound unique, but Roy Godsey, survey expert for the Missouri State Board of Agriculture, tells how they really do assist planters. He says: "It is a common story saying among cotton growers that you can accurately estimate the number of acres a farmer will have in cotton the next year by the number of geese around his door the winter before."

"As soon as the cotton is planted geese also start up, so the geese are turned into the field until the cotton plants appear. To raise good cotton it is necessary to keep down grass, and that's where geese come in. "After the plants grow so large that a goose can't step over them, the whole flock is headed down the field, a goose to each row of cotton. The birds will stay in their own rows eating off all grass until they reach the other end. "James Conover, a South Missouri planter, has farmed 2,500 acres of cotton and his employed as many as 5,000 geese. From one to two geese an acre will keep the field in good condition for a remunerative cotton crop."

Joked His Way Into the Insane Asylum

ABOUT two years ago Hendrik Van Vleet, a prosperous business man of Amsterdam, Holland, had a trifling argument with one Hans Groot, a man with whom he had had a casual acquaintance.

Shortly after the episode, to which Mr. Van Vleet attached no importance, he began getting mysterious and annoying telephone calls. The voice on the other end of the line was always snarling and invariably called after midnight.

A little private investigating on the part of Van Vleet soon revealed the culprit. It was Mr. Groot, who promised to stop his mischievous tricks.

Then more serious trouble came to Hendrik Van Vleet. His bank notified him that his checking account was overdrawn when he knew that he should have had plenty of money on hand. Again the man went to work on his own and did not call in the police to help him find out who had been forging his name on a series of relatively small checks.

Instead he called upon the author of the midnight phone calls who, again, admitted his guilt. He was given a serious lecture on the penalties for this sort of "joking" and was warned that any more of it would land him in the hands of authorities.

It seemed to be from the Amsterdam Chief of Police and was a summons to appear at Headquarters for questioning. The reason for the interrogation was not mentioned.

Mr. Van Vleet, being a good citizen, lost no time in contacting the "limbs of the law" who informed him that the document was a check.

With a brand of tolerance that almost matched the Biblical patience of Job, the now thoroughly aroused Dutchman paid another call on the casual acquaintance with whom he had what seemed to him a mild difference of opinion—and gave him one final warning. Mr. Van Vleet was fed up and he did not intend to tolerate any more of Mr. Groot's distorted and savage humor.

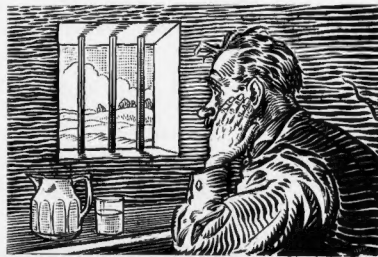
The newspaperman was invited in and produced a letter. It read: "Dear Editor—Hendrik Van Vleet, the old

hypocrite, is shortly to pass out. I am an old friend of his, and he has asked me to have you send a man around to get his death-bed confession because he doesn't want to die without unloading his conscience."

This was the last straw. Van Vleet mustered the reporter to police headquarters where he revealed the whole silly and annoying series of tricks played by Mr. Groot, who was promptly jailed.

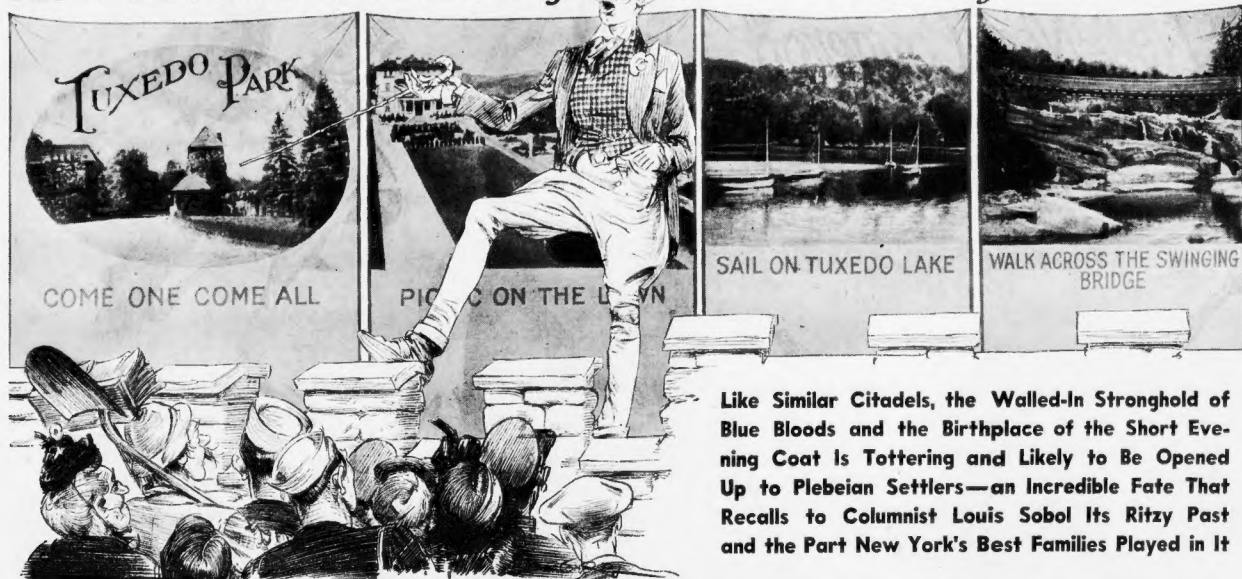
An investigation brought out that the game-playing Groot had not confined his "jokes" to Mr. Van Vleet. He had been trying similar stunts on several of his relatives whom he disliked and had made his habit of annoying others a full-time job.

An eminent psychiatrist had a long talk with the prisoner and finally advised the police not to go to the trouble of bringing him to trial. The man was obviously "off his nut" and was sent to an institution.



Because of His Vicious "Gags" Inflicted on a Friend With Whom He Had a Trifling Dispute, Groot Was Finally Arrested and Carried Away to an Institution for the Criminally Insane. He Got Away With His Mischief for a Long Time Before He Was Caught and Convicted.

How Dreadful! Ordinary Folk in Snooty Tuxedo?



Like Similar Citadels, the Walled-In Stronghold of Blue Bloods and the Birthplace of the Short Evening Coat Is Tottering and Likely to Be Opened Up to Plebeian Settlers—an Incredible Fate That Recalls to Columnist Louis Sobol Its Ritzy Past and the Part New York's Best Families Played in It

By LOUIS SOBOL

ONE BY one the citadels of the social-select seem to be crumbling before the heftily blow of the so-called Changing Order. Now comes the worrisome announcement that Tuxedo Park, up amid the cranberries, crags, woodlands and lakes of the historic Ramapo, is about to capitulate. The barricades around the fortress harboring the noisiest of the Indigo Bloods are to be chopped down. The welcome sign beckons to folks of moderate incomes—provided the sparkling, vigorous claret of the sports lower runs through their veins.

Society is aghast, agog, stunned and fretted. It wonders if this means an end to the ultra-exclusiveness of the famous Tuxedo Park Autumn balls—invitations to which for almost 55 years have been the stamps of approval pasted on aspiring debutantes. At these Autumnal assemblies, the gals who are destined to carry on the loggnette traditions of the Social Register are given their first real going over, studied, weighed, applauded or politely rejected as social deadwood. And a girl stricken off the invitation list might just as well go live in an Igloo with the Eskimos as far as her future in Society is concerned.

Not that the Eskimos aren't estimable folks but living with the Eskimos, from all accounts, isn't much fun—and, believe me, brothers and sisters, there isn't much fun in this world for the poor, social-minded girl barred from the Tuxedo Park Autumn ball.

It appears the fine old families slowly have been going broke. Heavy income taxes, depleted returns from investments, servant problems—these and other kindred causes have gradually forced the exodus of the patriarchy who made Tuxedo Park their home. One by one the elaborate old castles have been boarded up. Then, too, there is something like a \$1,200,000 mortgage due, and the Tuxedo Park Association must dig up the funds to pay it.

So the current Colonel Pierre Lorillard, who practically owns Tuxedo Park, has decided that, perhaps, what the colony needs is some young people who will consider it Paradise now to dole out in small, reasonable priced cottages—and who will contribute something to the sports life of the place. Young folks who will play golf and tennis, ride horses over the thirty miles of abandoned bridle paths—who will fish in Sumner, ski and toboggan in West.

If and when this comes to pass, perhaps there won't be as much uproar as there was last season when, in the condemnation of the stuffy dowagers, beautiful Eugenie (Jinx) Falkenberg, model and actress, was smuggled into the snooty Autumn ball by her escorts, E. Sumner Welles and Bedford Davis, and became belle of the evening.

There was a slip-up in the customary stern vigilance, of course, or Jinx would never have passed the doorway—but Charles Carter who, for a quarter of a century has checked off the names of the Tuxedo guests, was off guard for a few minutes and the boys walked in calmly with their lovely guest—who knew nothing about the stir she was to cause. If she had, I have no doubt the prettiest girl



Her Father's Palatial "Cottage" at Tuxedo Park Provided a Refuge for Fil Poter Stillman, Now Mrs. Fowler Mc-Cormick, After Her Sensational Divorce.

Millicent Rogers, Salm Ramos Balcom, Who Also Bought the "Park" Section in Times (3 Times) of Matrimonial Stress, From a Sketch by Olive Snell.

William Waldorf Astor Was One of Tuxedo's Original "Boosters," Preaching to His Fellow Blue Bloods the Beauties of the Ramapo Hills. He Later Became a British Subject and Was Elevated to the Peerage As Lord Astor.

the Autumn ball has had in its midst in a decade would not have shown up—because Jinx has plenty of pride—and will take snubs from no one. She doesn't have to.

Out of legend and fact, we gather that Tuxedo Park came to be when on a September afternoon in 1888 Pierre Lorillard 3rd, grandfather of the present Pierre, dropped off to inspect the Ramapo acres which he had purchased the other Pierre Lorillard property back in 1814.

The Lorillards came to New York early in the 1700s and there is no record of any Piers—but of many Peters until, as one story has it, a Peter Lorillard having won an English Derby with his American bred horse, decided that thenceforth he was to be known as Pierre. Why, no one knows—nor for that matter, the truth of this tale.

However, according to no less an authority than Emily Post, Pierre Lorillard, the 3rd and her father, Bruce Price, who was his architect, leaped from an express as it was passing through what is now Tuxedo Park, without waiting for the train to stop and landed on the property in a drenching rain. Here, and at this very moist point, Lorillard at once began planning the 20 miles or so of roads, a clubhouse, cottages, sewer systems and so forth. By the time more than a mil-

lion and a half of his many millions of dollars had been spent, there were almost two dozen houses, stores, stables, a railroad station and the elaborate eight-foot wall surrounding the premises.

show his friends among the British aristocracy, the book he had written about the early history of his favorite retreat, Tuxedo Park.

The first Autumn ball was held in 1886 and young Griswold Lorillard and several of his prankful pals appeared in dress coats without tails, thus starting the vogue for what came to be known as the tuxedo. That the dinner coat was originated by this affair has been disputed by several fashion authorities and Berry Wall, the gayest blade of the Gay Nineties, often insisted he was responsible for the first one. No one, however, disputes that the tag "tuxedo" was applied after this first Autumn ball.

Tuxedo Park has managed to remain austere and therefore slightly on the dillish side since its founding, bursting into print only through the society columns on the occasion of the Autumn balls, its horse shows, and its flower shows. Its outstanding tragedy was the horrible death of the beautiful young society matron, Mrs. Philip Rhineland, back in 1915. She was the mother of Leonard Kirk Rhineland who was later to figure in the headlines himself during his divorce case.

Mrs. Rhineland, a leader among the Tuxedo set, was burned to death in her villa when an alcohol lamp with which she was heating a curling iron exploded, setting fire to her hair and her dressing gown. Despite heroic efforts of several doctors, she was burned beyond aid and died shortly after.

ever, life has run along as smoothly as the tiny skiffs on the gentle lakes in the vicinity and publicity shy tycoons have fled to Tuxedo whenever they sought peace and refuge from peppy newspapermen. The late multimillionaire George F. Baker, following his retirement, spent most of his remaining days at Tuxedo in the former Lorillard place and when he died, the reporters who came flying in from New York found that Tuxedolites were not impressed with newspaper credentials.

At the height of the headline orgy which assailed during the divorce explosion of Fil Poter and Banker James Stillman, it was to Tuxedo that Fil fled when the newspaper and the mounting scandal, involving Fred Beauvais, the Canadian judge, blazed around her lovely head.

Later after the divorce and the abatement of the excitement, Fil Poter gave the public and her society friends a few more thrills and shivers by marrying youthful Fowler McCormick, grandson of the late John D. Rockefeller and a pal of her son's. And Guy Stillman, who was the center of the furious battle which raged during the divorce maelstrom, slipped off and wed a childhood sweetheart.

And here, too, went heiress Millicent Rogers when her romance soured and she sought to evade newspaper inquiries. Her father, the late Colonel Harry Rogers, had one of the show places at Tuxedo and from early girlhood he had recommended to her the rare seclusion offered in times of stress by Tuxedo Park. So it was, when Millicent broke with her first husband, Count Salm, that it was to this haven in the Ramapo hills that she fled, and similarly, when she became the ex-Mrs. Arturo Ramos. And as Mrs. Ronald Balcom she decided that Tuxedo Park was not only a refuge—it came mighty close to being ideal as a permanent home. There is no doubt that she and Balcom would have spent many happy days in the paradise founded by Lorillard except for a little matter that came up not so many weeks ago, Millicent and husband No. 3, Ronald Balcom, were divorced in Idaho.

And now, one wonders what the "400" will think of this decision to throw open Tuxedo Park and let the newcomers in.

Colonel Pierre Lorillard thinks it is all for the best. He is convinced it is the job in the arm the flaccid old settlement needs to restore it to the vigor of those early days.

He is quoted as saying he doesn't care a hoot whether the new colonists are in the Social Register, everybody's in the Social Register," he is reported to have snapped. "What is blue blood anyway?"

Need Exercise? Try the New "Congereroo"

New York's Harlem, Where the Black Bottom, Truckin', and the Suzie-Q Were Bred, Breaks Out With Its Latest Improvised and Spontaneous Dance—A Good Trick If You Can Do It



"SKY HI"—Pointing to Heaven With Their Eyes Rolling, the Dancers With This Brief Step Break Up the Wild gyrations of the "Congereroo."

A DARK object climbs frantically into the air, banks sharply, flips over once and power-dives straight down in a furious give-and-take "dogfight" . . . then another zooms through the air, breaking suddenly into a double loop-the-loop defiance of the laws of gravity . . . down below, a tense-muscle man hastily swings something around his head and lets go . . . a writhing figure hurtles to the ground and lies there, shuddering convulsively.

Sounds like a London air-raid? Sure, but it's not—it's just the latest rhythm blitzkrieg in New York's Harlem, in full swing on the music-wracked floor of Mr. Gale's famous Savoy Ballroom, birthplace of a hundred dance crazes, and it's known as "The Congereroo."

The "power-dive," known to Congereroos as the "Hi Dive," consists of the male addict literally racing up the side of the wall, remaining horizontal for three or four steps, then pushing himself off the wall into a somersault and into the waiting arms of his girl; the "dogfight" comes when they immediately break into a frenzied Boogie-Woogie . . . in the "loop-the-loop," called, simply, "Loopin'," the girl does a double somersault over her partner's back . . . the object swing about the head of the man on the floor is not a hand grenade, it's his gal, and they're "doin' the Magoo" . . . and don't waste any tears on the writhing object on the "ground"—it's just a dusky member of "the gentler sex" trying out the "Hip Hop," which requires her to be thrown in a

break, land flat on her back on the floor and "finish the dance" in that position—and she loves it!

The above acts of seeming mayhem and double suicide are performed simultaneously all over the floor with a few more variations thrown in, just to keep the party from getting dull. It's all part-and-parcel of that latest and most strenuous of Harlem dances, the Congereroo, a potpourri of jives thrown into one boiling rhythm-pot, shaken thoroughly (very thoroughly!) and served piping-hot.

Sounds something like a mess. It is—but it's also a harmonious and perfectly-timed mess, sort of like a euphonious cacophony, as it were, that positively defies anything hitherto created by Harlem, that prime originator of crazy dance-rhythms.

Like all dances that started in New York's Black Belt north of 110th Street, the Congereroo came out of nowhere. No one knows where they originate. They just happen. But the Congereroo's debut was definitely at "The Savoy," on Harlem's classy Lenox Avenue, where also there first burst upon a startled but wildly appreciative dance-mad public the Black Bottom, the Big Apple, the Suzie-Q, Truckin', the Lindy Hop, and many others that sprang into overnight popularity and have never died out. It was first known as the "Harlem-conga," but this less euphonious moniker was discarded by Broadway, which put its sophisticated stamp on it and, following its slangy hiteroo, piperoo and whooperoo, named it the Congereroo. And the name stuck.

The Congereroo is supposed to be a sort of grand merger between the Conga, the Lindy Hop and the swift, steady thump-thump of a kangaroo that has been scared by an air-raid. In fact, it's more than that—it's a little bit of everything past in the way of rhythm, with more than a hint of the future. And if you want to see and hear it at its incredible best, you'll have to journey to "The Savoy," where they swing it to the hottest tunes ever blown from ironbones and trumpets accompanied by the mad beat of the drums—for it was the genius of Moe Gale, the Savoy proprietor who discovered the Four Ink Spots and such noted band-leaders as Cab Calloway, Erskine Hawkins and Ella Fitzgerald, and set them to blending their music with the dexterous feet of the Harlem rug-cutters. And Moe isn't finished "discovering" yet!

The dance-steps of the Congereroo have no real sequence, as you may have gathered, for each couple has its own interpretations, which they perform in the course of the dance whenever they feel "that way"—and that's the way Harlem likes its dances to be. It's their spontaneity that cannot be captured by outsiders, and therefore it makes it necessary for you and me

"THE SLIDEFENDER"—The Girl Is Lowered by Her Partner and Slides on the Floor for Several Feet, a Reverse Step of the "Nose Dive" in Which the Girl Does the Sliding, Face Down.



"THE RIDE"—This Looks Like a Tame Step But It Gives the Partners a Chance to Do Some Improved Tap Dancing in Perfect Time with the Fast Music.

to trek to New York's Harlem to get "the real Savoy McCoy."

At the start of the Congereroo, the band breaks into a tune in the regular Conga time. The couples, usually four or six, fade into the center of the dance-floor. Their heads thrown back in complete abandon and their eyes closed in deep ecstasy, the partners strut towards each other. That's "the hop-off."

"The hop-off" is followed by "the take-off," which resembles an airplane taking-off as the dancers swing their arms loosely in circles. Without any warning or visible effort, the couples suddenly change into the Conga step—one-two-three-ick, one-two-three-ick.

But the perfect ease with which the Harlem couples switch to the Conga routine is highly deceptive. It completely beats anything South American. To give it more of a kick, the dancers here and there "lay some iron"—that is, they throw in some intricate tap-dancing steps. But even this extra exhibition never throws them off the perfect timing. Not a single movement is out-of-step. The union performance of the amateur group would shame any professional Broadway chorus.

Then suddenly some "licks," or hot musical phrases and high trumpet notes from the band, break-up the Conga steps and signalize a mass flow into a fast two-step time of the Lindy Hop, spiced with a dash of Suzie-Q and Boogie-Woogie. That's when the fun starts!

The loose-hipped couples break-up their team dancing and go out for themselves in a big way. They wave their fingers, break into jungle yodels, and go into a tight clinch.

Then, these human rubber-dolls, with their inborn sense of timing and rhythm, really do their stuff. Each couple has its own steps. Each couple tries to outdo the next with fantastic variations. Yet, despite all the different steps, the couples blend perfectly and form a definite, though crazy, pattern.

A popular step—in constant process of variation by its spontaneous executors—is "the Nose Dive." It sends the girl partner slithering across the floor on her stomach, right in between her partner's legs. Another, similar to the previously mentioned "Magoo," except that the twirling isn't accomplished in mid-air. The partner stands upright on his left leg and turns round-and-round with his right leg extended horizontally like a ballerina, swooping speedily over the head of the girl, who dexterously ducks each time the leg whirrs around.

These are but a handful of the fancy steps, some of which are illustrated on this page by our artist, Cyd Grossman. For the Congereroo

also includes variations known as Hi Jive, Jumpin' Jive, Sky-scrapper, Hi-C, Diggs, Big Dip, Pinpin, Chute-the-Chutes, Skidder, Skidoo, Woowobble and the Riff. Still others have no names at all. (Sometimes words fail even the Harlemites.) But all are different and jealously-guarded by their originators.

The goofy names given to these various dance steps describe them perfectly and add new words to the already rich vocabulary of Harlemese slang or "jive." They will soon become a part of every-day Lenox Avenue jargon, which calls high trumpet notes "Armstrongs" and the drummer the "hide-beater." When the Savoy is lively—and it usually is—they say "the joint is jumping," and when they want the band to play it hot they call out to the musicians to "beat it out." And if you can't get the "jive" either in dancing steps or in words you are just "icky" or "jeff" or just plain dumb.

Congereroo dancers are game to the core—they have to be. But even they, after all, are but flesh-and-blood, and when their mad Sargasso Sea of rhythm, whipped into a raging fury by a tempest of jazz, has finally subsided, everyone in the



"HI DIVE"—After Running Up the Side Wall and Completing a Somersault the Dancer Lands in His Partner's Arms.

huge Savoy Ballroom, participants and spectators alike, are exhausted. They have gone through twenty minutes of terpsichorean blitzkrieg that might shake the morale of much-bombed London. Some of the active "cats fall out," meaning in Harlem lingo that some of the musicians are overcome with emotion.

It takes at least a half-hour after the Congereroo before all have come to their senses. Yet the subconscious twitching of the brain-cells, the shoulders, the hips and legs does not cease entirely until you get out of the place, and even then the weird rhythms may haunt you for hours afterwards.



"THE PINSPIN"—The Boy Swings the Girl Around Him at High Speed, Adding a Touch of Adagio.



Throughout All Her Difficulties Mae's Glamour Was Like an Umbrella Protecting Her and Helping Her Survive the Deluges of Woe Through the Years.

THE LONG trail of woe which Mae Murray, the screen's first glamour girl, has been treading since her divorce from her fourth husband, Prince David Midvanti, reached its climax when it became known that she finally had lost the custody of her 14-year-old son, Koran David Midvanti.

With wealth, youth and at length her son all taken away, one could hardly have blamed her if she had decided there was nothing more worth living for and then had dropped quietly from sight, becoming another of fame's numerous cast-off toys.

Anyone predicting such a reaction, however, would have left out of account a quality that has stood by her through all her tribulations. At the same time, the overnight would have been understandable, for the quality is not one which is generally considered of much value in adversity. It is glamour.

Mae had and still has a larger share of it than any woman of her generation. In fact, people used to say that she had nothing else. If they were correct, then it must be that glamour is made of sterner stuff than shows on the surface, for it has seen her through some pretty grim experiences.

Not a great many years ago, for instance, she was the mistress of \$3,000,000—and not many years after that she was flat broke.

Faced with the prospect of falling from the highest income level to the lowest, persons of supposedly more rugged character than she have chosen what seemed an easier plunge—from a hotel window.

Mae chose to do her plunging financially, and she landed on the spot reserved for derelicts the world over—a park bench. For the three days that this was her only home, glamour didn't forsake her, or vice-versa. It is a touching fact that, besides the clothes on her back, her sole possession at the time was a hat-box, containing a clean pair of silk stockings, one mitt of underwear and a jar of cold cream.

The hat-box might not have impressed the average passer-by, but in Mae, it synthesized all the gorgeous frilliness which, once hers, had flown out of the window when love, in the person of Prince David, came marching grandly in the door. Hat-box in hand, she still had a grip on glamour, and with its help she emerged from the experience with her chin up.

Strangely enough, her grip has still not loosened, and now, in the present emergency, glamour has once more rallied to her aid.

Early in the same week in which it was reported that young Koran had been legally adopted by the foster-parents with whom he has been living for the past five years, Mae opened as one of the featured performers in the latest edition of Billy Rose's elaborate Diamond Horseshoe revue in New York.

Glamour, which the public has never ceased to associate with her name, got her that job. In the show she dances with Georges Funtana to the nostalgic strains of the Merry Widow Waltz. This seemed appropriate because, in the old silent film days, after becoming famous as the model for the "Moll Brinkley girl," she had made the role of the Merry Widow her own. And, like her prototype, she is in real life a great villain, too—though not an especially merry one.

With glamour, of course, goes temperament. Spirit is one of the essential ingredients, and Mae still has plenty of it. Shortly after the new edition of the Diamond Horseshoe opened its doors, it was reported that she had raised a ruckus backstage because in the billing her name did not top that of Dr. Rockwell, the comedian.

A gossip columnist asserted that in the course of the argument, which grew heated, Mae's partner, Fontana, tried to intervene peacefully but gained nothing for his pains. This was later denied, the official version being that Mae politely presented her grievance to Mr. Rose, who just as politely turned it down.

No lady of temperament could have done other than protest in the circumstances, so temperament at least was vindicated.

But while variant accounts give an air of mystery to this incident, the mystery surrounding the custody case is deeper still. Just about a year ago, Mae triumphed in a lawsuit against Prince David and seemed well on her way to realizing her long cherished dream of setting up a home with her son.

Then came the laconic announcement of



Koran David Midvanti, Mae's Only Son, Being Comforted During One of the Hearings of the Custody Case Which Has Resulted in His Adoption by His Foster-Parents.



Mae Murray in One of the Silent Film Roles That Won Her the Title of the Screen's First Glamour Girl.

days. I made my toilet as best I could in a park rest room—well, it didn't matter. I tried to look my best but it didn't really matter. All that mattered was that I had saved Koran when it looked hopeless."

Following the operation, which was performed by Dr. Daniel Cumming in New York City, the boy was sent—with the mother's approval—to the Averill Park, N. Y., home of the doctor's sister, Miss Beattie Cumming, and two brothers, John and Corliss Cumming. According to Mae, she had expected that her son would remain with the Cummings only during the period of convalescence.

That this had turned into one of the longest periods of convalescence on record was learned when Mae went into the Los Angeles court in 1930 with an action against Prince David for \$12,000 a year for the support of her son. She contended that the prince had failed to set up the promised trust fund. The court refused to hand down a decision until the boy had been brought into its jurisdiction.

Mae says that when she asked the Cummings to let her have her son they wouldn't give him up. So she instituted habeas corpus proceedings in Albany, N. Y., and the Cummings fought the case, asserting that she had failed to provide for Koran's support during the period he had been living with them and that, moreover, in 1928 she had asked them to retain custody on the ground that she was unable to provide a home.

They said that her only motive in bringing the matter up again was "money-love," not "mother-love." Prince David then inserted

Unhappy Climax to Mae Murray's Long Trail of Woe

Stardom, Love, Wealth, Youth, All Were Taken From Her and Now She Has Finally Lost the Custody of Her Son, But She Has Never Quite Lost That Helpful Halo of Glamour Which in the Midst of Her Grief Has Landed Her Back on Broadway



Stranded and Friendless, on a Park Bench, Mae Still Kept Her Grip on Glamour—in the Form of a Hat-box, Containing Silk Stockings, Undies, and a Jar of Cold Cream.

himself into the proceedings on the side of the foster-parents, taking the attitude that the boy should choose his own home. He said he wanted his son to be brought up as a good American citizen, in healthy surroundings rather than in a "theatrical atmosphere."

Koran, for his part, made no secret of his preference. He said he wanted to stay with the Cummings, but Mae discounted the words, saying that if she hadn't been denied the right to see and talk to him he would have spoken differently. The foster-parents then agreed to let her talk to the boy and this she did, but, according to her account, the interview was held through a closed screen door and therefore did not count.

After considering all the conflicting views, Supreme Court Justice Bergan ruled that "while there was nothing against the mother morally or in any way to render her unfit as the child's custodian, she seemed to have no means and no permanent home in which to take care of Koran."

For that reason, he left the boy with the Cummings, telling Mae that she could again seek custody when she was able to establish a home and "satisfy the court of her good faith in maintaining the child with her and in providing him the direct and personal influence of a mother."

Taking what encouragement she could from this judgment, Mae returned to California and picked up the good fight against Prince David where she had left off. And this time she succeeded in persuading the court that she was entitled to Koran's custody as well as \$400 a month from her ex-husband for his support.

There apparently remained only one last routine step—a return to Albany to convince Justice Bergan that she was finally in possession of the motherly credentials which he had demanded. But this last step, the easiest of all, was never taken.

Mae has an explanation of her final faltering. In an interview with *The American Weekly*, she claimed that what balked her in the end was the realization that Koran had grown so far away from her that it would be hopeless ever to try to bring him back.

This realization dawned on her when she went back to Albany and had another talk with her son.

"He kicked me and ignored me," she reported, weeping. "I knew then that there was no hope of winning him back."

There is only Mae's word, that such an incident

ever occurred, the Cummings being content to rest their case on the record. According to that, Edward S. Rooney, the actress's Albany lawyer, simply withdrew her suit, asserting that he had received instructions to do so; he said that she had reached a settlement with the boy's father, but didn't disclose the terms.

In any case, a paper was soon afterwards filed with the Albany court to the effect that she had no further claim to the boy.

Mae's marriage in 1926 to Prince David, eldest and now sole survivor of the trio of Midvanti brothers, was the event which launched those young men on their fabulous careers. If she could have copyrighted the idea and afterwards collected 10 per cent of the profits every time it was used again, she would not have to dance for a living today.

As it was, instead of increasing her assets, she later testified in court that it had done the opposite. She charged that during their married life her husband had induced her to relinquish control of her wealth.

"I walked out of my marriage practically a bankrupt," she said.

Yet, the experience was not a total loss, for as the first big movie star to capture a prince she had had a rare opportunity to queen it over Hollywood. Following the wedding, nobody knew, when she turned up on a movie set, whether to stop, curtsy, squint or squat.

Among those who first recovered from surprise and appreciated the value of the idea was Pola Negri, who hurried over to Paris and next year became a Princess Midvanti herself by marrying David's next younger brother, Serge.

Princess Mae may have been a trifle offbeat at Princess Pola for "pirating" her idea, without giving its originator a line of credit in all the new publicity, but she said nothing at first.

One day, however, she read an interview in which Pola said that her marriage to Prince Serge was in the normal course of things because, as children, they had often played together in the village of the Midvantis' ancestral castle.

That was too much. Mae wired the editor of the *Los Angeles Examiner* that the whole interview was impossible and the only kids Pola had played with were children of her own Polish housewife. She demanded that the editor contradict the whole thing and expose "La Negri." The editor, remaining unimpressed, is reported to have wired back:

"Sorry, but can't print your statement. The comic supplement has gone to press."

Later, no doubt, when the Midvanti boys really hit their marrying stride, Mae was able to achieve a more philosophical view.

As the Model for This and Other Drawings by Nell Brinkley, Mae Began to Acquire the Glamour Which She Has Never Quite Lost.

Natal Gift

by
Katharine Newlin
Burt

Beginning a New Serial by
the Author of "No Surrender", "If Love I Must", "Men of Moon Mountain" and
Other Widely-Read Novels.

THE AMERICAN
WEEKLY

IT WAS with a sense of immaturity, sudden and strange to her thirty-seven expert years, that Jacqueline Grange followed her husband from the train to his automobile, waiting for them on a morning in May before the North Philadelphia station platform. She had been married to Ralph for a month—he was her second husband and she, his second wife. Their honeymoon, just over, had been spent on the Caribbean and had been a fulfillment of serene expectations.

The deep tan of tropical sunshine made Ralph's even teeth look porcelain white when he smiled, helping her to, running for her the big rosy-cheeked chauffeur. "Eric, this is Mrs. Grange. Eric has been with us for 12 years, Linnie." Ralph sat beside her, a hand over hers, his eyes brightly fixed on the suburban streets, brick and glass, glittering shop windows, scarlet gasoline stations, grocers, haberdashers, drug stores, little dress shops.

People were about already, the early bird housewives, the cash-and-carry women, leaving their cars with bags and baskets on their seats. But the feel of Ralph's hand, of his body, was different. He was at home, on his own ground, suddenly, not only her bridegroom, but her authoritative protector.

She turned her plump face—everything in it tilted up towards the grin of her absent small hat all made of pink and blue flowers—and smiled at him.

"It's good to be coming home," she said. He kissed her hand quickly. Turning from her, he began to talk to Eric. "How are things at home? That outdoor man taking hold? Flowers done well this year? Plenty of rain? ought to be a fine season. Did he get his vegetables in? How about that asparagus? We should have a fine crop this year. And... Miss Lucy?"

Toward this last question, Eric turned positively. Linnie could see more of his face. It was solemn and ruddier about the jaws. "She's just fine, Mr. Grange," he announced in a changed and softened voice.

"Good," said Ralph. "And the ladies down at Heathstone?"

Eric went back into correct chauffeur position, lending respectful ear but keeping eyes to the front. "Pretty well, sir, Miss Judith has been having one of her attacks but Miss Lu, she was in yesterday and had better news. Miss Lucy's been over there most every day, sir. Miss Lu says she don't know what she'd do without her."

Linnie said, "They can't have her so often now, Eric. I'll be wanting her myself."

Eric turned about to give her an almost startling view of his flushed cordiality, and Ralph threw her a soft, quick look. He had brown eyes under his graying thatch, a small moustache, still unflecked and kept very trim and neat. The mouth below the moustache was sensitive, controlled, and at its corners. When he smiled he was almost handsome and the deep autumn became him, gave him back his youth. Not that Ralph was old, "Forty-four is not old," Linnie always told herself and him, but the warm ruddy brown hid the lines of his maturity.

Will his daughter be like him? she wondered. I understand Ralph so well. A girl like Ralph would be sweet, shy, sensitive, controlled and gentle. Inconspicuous pretty pictures. She held a girl in her arms, coaxing, comforting, advising. It would be like her own Jackie, only better, for Jackie was such an independent piece.

She realized abruptly that beauty had drifted upon their way. Deep lanes, blossoming trees, hollyhocks and roses, and their pale bright leaves. They ran along the high bank of a river.

The Violets, Linnie. The birds are wonderful this time of year. You see, we're just above the gorge. Our windows look down and across. It's one of the finest views anywhere about here. This is our small suburb, ugly but damn convenient. Here we go into Linden Lane. And there's the gate of Highbury."

Two solemn square stone posts, a gray gravelled drive under maples, a steep curving ascent and there they stood before the porch of her new home. She had had no impression of the house. They had slid up to it from ambush. It was, besides, covered with vines and set window-sill deep in shrubs and flowers. But she saw that it was made of native stone, nature like Ralph, rather than old, and that it had a very ugly roof.

"Get John to help you with the bags, Eric. You took care of the trunk checks, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir. They're to be sent up as soon as they arrive, sir."

Ralph, drawing her up the two shallow steps, looked her up the two shallow steps across the flagged porch and then open for her the handsome door. Her heart beat fast as she stepped across that threshold.

She was startled by brightness. The wide



The Young Man Set Up a Ladder
Reaching to Lucy's Window and
Begged Her to Fly With Him.

hall went straight through to tall double glass doors, framed in narrow windows and a faint light. Outside blazed the cool fire of Spring's blossoming: tulips, jessies, hyacinths, visible across the low threshold, forgettias, quince, lilacs, bridal wreath and beyond the radiant screen of cherry blossoms.

Sunlight fell with bright silence, the old, deep-polished floor, its rugs subdued by age from their original vividness. The walls were papered in cream with a design in thin lavender and brownish gold. The stairway was magnificently carved with that long graceful curve of a nobility rail.

Linnie had just time to toes a delighted look along two pleasant views through doors to right and left, before sound—a quick breath from Ralph, a clicking door—brought her eyes back to the hall.

That door opposite the one of her entrance was open. From the flowers, from the blossoms, from the blue day, edged with light all along her white sheer dress and flowing hair, a girl was entering. She carried a basket on her arm. She came in, gave a low note of surprise, set down the basket, tossed into it her shears, stripped off her gardening gloves.

"Daddy! O gracious... I didn't expect you by the early train. I've been out to get flowers for you... both."

"Come here, Lucy. You're always so vague. Eric met us so the rest of the household expected us all right." She came and he kissed her, put his arm around her and turned her towards his wife. "This is Lucy, darling. You two must be good friends, understand?"

After a pause that was just a breath too long, Linnie kissed the girl, taller by a head than her small self, and began to speak very fast, saying what she had planned to say but in a strained, unintended key.

"Lucy, dear, I'm so glad to have a daughter here to welcome me. And how lovely for Jackie to have a sister just her own age."

"It's more lovely for me. But I thought Jacqueline would be with you."

Ralph laughed, no less nervously than Linnie. "We're just off the boat, Lucy, back from our wedding trip."

"Jackie is still visiting, poor lamb!" Linnie went on, hating her queer high hips. "But not for long now. I know she's terribly anxious to come home to me."

"O yes, she must be... terribly." Lucy's voice was simple and sweet but she had a slight hesitation, more a stumble than a stammer. It was a voice of apology, of deprecation. She used it as though to ward a listener from anger or prejudice. "I mean, she'll be excited too like me, only more so, I guess. Everything will be strange to her. I've put flowers in your room already, moth..."

"You must call me 'Linnie,' the way your father does. He and I both agreed as to that. I'm Jacqueline and so is my daughter but we're always called Linnie and Jackie. And Jackie calls your father, 'Ralph!'"

"Does she? That sounds pretty funny to me. The room looks perfectly divine. Daddy, that Mrs. Pierce is wonderful, honestly. It doesn't look a bit interior-decorated. May I take you up then, Linnie?"

Linnie glanced quickly at her husband but Ralph gave her an urgent little shoo. "Go on up with her, darling. I want to sort out these aut cases. And there are your ferns and that great piece of coral, if it hasn't been smashed."

In Lucy's wake, Linnie went up the stairs, her hand on the banister as though she needed the slight support to steady her. The bedroom, when Lucy stood aside to let her enter and look, was at the end of the wide second story hall and took up the width of the house, windows to east and south and west.

It was so enchanting that for an instant Linnie forgot the queer shock she had sustained. The decorations were all fresh and done in her favorite colors, an unusual shade of sherry rose and chili hyacinth blue... a room of exquisite proportions, furnished tranquilly,

completely, with daintiness and charm.

"Isn't it just too beautiful," sighed Lucy. "I got flowers as close to your blue and pink as I could find."

"It was sweet of you, dear." Linnie's hand went up, pulling away the hat, so new and so expensive, carefully. What good was a flowered hat to her or, indeed, to any woman? "I think... I'm rather tired."

"O you must be. Do you feel the motion of the boat. I always do. For days. Look, here's your bath. It's done in tropical sea-color. And here are Daddy and John and Eric with your bags. They'll put them in the dressing-room. I guess, I'll finish with my flowers if you'll excuse me." She hesitated, standing in the door, ready for flight, then took her courage in both hands and came down. "O, Linnie," she said, "truly... I'm so glad you're here."

Linnie kissed her, turned to the nearest window and stood between its flowered chintz and ruffled net draperies, her hands pressed together, looking across the rich and beautiful country which plunged down to the river then swelled up again against the sky. The breeze moved her hair from her forehead. "Hazel sparkling pliant attractiveness. It is disarming, if only for an instant of weakness, for such an artist, so recently a bride, to be confronted without warning with consummate perfection."

To do Linnie justice, that personal dismay had been almost immediately transferred to pang for her beloved daughter, just ready to begin a new life in a new place and provided with considerably fewer natural weapons even than her Mamma.

Jackie was a darling, no doubt of it, and popular with boys and girls, but there was no use blinking the fact that where Lucy stood or moved or smiled there was no other candle power to compete with her almost mysterious shining.

During the week that lay between her own and Jackie's arrival, Linnie did her best to moderate upon her spirits the effect of her step-daughter's astonishing beauty. Also, she

"Poor Kid," said Dr. Treynor,
Looking Searchingly, Impersonally
Into Lucy's Eyes.

table. The dear face... not so pretty as her own but brave and bright!

Ralph came, pushed her further along the bench, sat down beside her and took her close, warm, into his arms.

"Linnie, you look very pensive. What's wrong, my pet? You're nervous... tired!" But above her head he was meeting his own eyes in the mirror and they were faintly quizzical, tenderly pitying her with a masculine amusement in their gentleness.

"Fensive? Not a bit. It's just... the room's so beautiful... and everything... the excitement, I guess. That's all... honestly!"

There is no mention in either Testament of the Old Eve, although her mate plays a lively and intriguing role. But that there is such an essential female and that she makes a considerable disturbance in the world is a fact, as undeniable as it is mortifying to her descendants. It was the Old Eve who had caused Linnie Grange to look pensive and to perambulate to her husband as to the cause.

CERTAINLY, Jacqueline Grange, born Beech and for many years called Seymour, had less than the average share of the ancient and unregenerate, ancestors in her soul, but at thirty-seven she was pretty with palms and had taken plenty of them to preserve her sparkling pliant attractiveness. It is disarming, if only for an instant of weakness, for such an artist, so recently a bride, to be confronted without warning with consummate perfection.

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During the week that lay between her own and Jackie's arrival, Linnie did her best to moderate upon her spirits the effect of her step-daughter's astonishing beauty. Also, she

(Continued on Page 14)



If You Have a "Football on End" Shape to Your Head Don't Court Disaster by Picking a Wife With an Opposite "Football on Side" Visage.

Why Marriage Is Such a Gland Institution



That Likes Get Along Better Together Than Unlike Proved True When Slender Brunette Jessie Matthews Married Lean Dark-Haired "Sonnie" Hale, and Made Him Happier Than Evelyn Laye, His Former Blood and "Curvier" Wife Did.

Jack Spratt could eat no fat. His wife could eat no lean; And so, betwixt them you see, They licked the platter clean.

By GEORGE H. ECKHART.

THERE probably was no more romance in the Spratt household than there was meat left on the platter.

Yet, skinny Mr. Spratt and his plump, fat-loving wife are classical examples of Dan Cupid's Number One match-making law—that Opposites Attract. And now they are pointed out as perfect examples of two people who scrapped ever after, because their thyroid glands didn't match.

Too often when opposites marry—in haste or otherwise—they only regret at leisure. Jack and Mrs. Jack seem to have battled through to the bitter end.

And ever since they have been trying to find out just what is the screwball chain in this first rule of Love. Why, when a fellow falls for a girl who is so different from himself in looks and temperament, does he often get to hate that difference so much, after the first honeymoon stage is ended, that he feels like throwing her overboard?

The elting-vine girl who got heart palpitations over her big, athletic boy-friend, so different from "herself," is practically sure to find him "out of bounds" somewhere along the wedded way and lose him in the discard. Judges, juries and unhappy couples haven't any of them come to any too brilliant conclusions on the subject. Some suspect that since opposites seem to do most of the fighting, it must have been a tongue-in-cheek little "heart-throb" man who made the rule.

Some despairing wives rush into the divorce court and blame a play-boy husband, or one who wouldn't work, for the collapse of wedded bliss; others prefer charges of breaking up the home against a battle-axe mother-in-law or a smiling blonde (or brunette as the case may be). Some couples claim they are allergic to one another. Sometimes it even is the family canary who is accused of causing the rift. But, maybe they're all wrong.

Dr. L. Goldstein, prominent endocrinologist (gland specialist) of Philadelphia, has another idea about why opposites, who at first attract, later merely get in one another's hair. Even though, on the surface of it, it does seem that interesting blondes, in-laws or a cruel Fate break up a lot of marriages, this probably wouldn't happen so often, he points out, if the endocrine gland system—especially the thyroid, adrenal and pituitary glands—in each of the two partners of the matrimonial hook-up worked about the same speed.

"These glands," Dr. Goldstein explains, "have a tremendous influence on the likes and dislikes, and the 'personality' of individuals."

It was pointed out that if more people knew the simplest facts about the human gland system, even though they still wanted to try the "for-better-or-for-worse" sentence with someone very much unlike themselves, marital troubles would be much fewer. Understanding would make even the most decided opposites more able to adapt to one another. Everyone knows about certain types of



Jack Spratt Who Could Eat No Fat Was a Typical Hyperthyroid, Says a Noted Endocrinologist, and His Portly Wife Was a Hypothyroid. Mismatched Glands Not Only Made These Nursery-Rhyme Characters Like Different Foods, But Caused Them to Lead Scrappy Lives.



"Sonnie" Hale, Well-Known English Actor.

extreme gland disorders, such as goiter—where lack of iodine in water or food and an over-active thyroid causes the gland to enlarge. When this same gland is very sluggish, or practically inactive in childhood the baby's body does not develop properly. Deformity and feeble-mindedness usually result.

Giants and dwarfs are produced when the pituitary gland is very much off-balance, one way or another, in its function. When a giantess like the ex-lady-bouncer, Miss Lela De Lee, marries a misfit like Billy Curtis few people expect such opposites to live happily ever after. (Their wedding picture is shown on this page.)

But these extreme cases are not referred to as the cause of everyday unhappiness in marriages between opposites. Chiefly, science is now interested in people with relatively normal glands. Some of the average, healthy folks you know have gland systems that, like a speeded-up alarm clock always run slightly fast. Others have glands that are usually running a little bit slow.

In case anyone has forgotten his physiology, the endocrine or ductless glands are those that secrete important chemicals called hormones right into the blood. There are a number of such glands in the human body. Without the hormones secreted by the thyroid, the pancreas, the adrenals and the parathyroids—no one could live, let alone be pleasant or agreeable.

The workings of the ductless parts of the pancreas, called the "islands of Langerhans" might be expected, at first glance, to cause "sweet" or "sour" disposition. These glands are extremely important because they secrete insulin which controls the amount of sugar in the blood.

But when it comes to building up Oomph with a capital O—or dull mediocrity—it is the thyroid, adrenals and pituitary that play the most important roles.

The thyroid at the base of the throat might be called the energy-control or "pep" gland. It regulates the body's metabolism—the rate at which the cells are able to use the oxygen

in the blood to burn up the food we eat. A fast working thyroid generally makes a gay, enthusiastic and sometimes excitable person. A slow thyroid causes the human drone, who is much less active by nature and inclined to get fat.

Two adrenal glands, attached one to the upper end of each kidney, also affect the energy and strength of their owner—especially in emergencies. The inner core of these glands manufactures, or secretes, adrenalin. In anger, fear or rage the secretion of adrenalin is increased, and poured into the blood stream. This makes the muscles more powerful and active than usual and quickens the heart beat. The outer layer secretes a substance known as cortin, which has an effect on strength and also on energy production.

The chief job of the pituitary gland, located in a small cavity at the base of the skull, beneath the brain, is to control growth of the body, but it also is believed to affect, directly, the working of some of the other ductless glands—especially the thyroid.

So, in reality the glands are pretty much dependent on one another. And you are pretty much dependent on your glands.

Like a delicate piece of machinery the whole endocrine system goes about its job affecting such things as your height, weight, the shape of your face, the color of skin and hair, your physical strength, the way your nerve behave and how emotional you are.

But, according to this endocrinologist, the thyroid is the usual Big Disturber of Matrimonial Peace.

The owner of a fast-working thyroid—called hyperthyroid—usually is tall and slender with a long, slim face and head, less a slightly pop-eyed expression. Jack Spratt was a hyperthyroid. The slow-glanded hypothyroid person has a rounder face and a mild,

cow-eyed expression such as can be seen in the picture of Mrs. Jack.

To make it very simple for any bright lad or lass who wants to look for a perfect thyroid mate, it is explained that the hyperthyroid person has a face shaped somewhat like a football placed on end ready for the kick-off. The hypothyroid's face looks much more like a football on its side. Theoretically, a hyperthyroid person should find and marry an equally hyperthyroid mate in order to live happily ever after. Or once the opposites have fallen let them agree to respect each other's likes and dislikes at least half of the time.

Otherwise, if Miss Hyper and Mr. Hypo say the formal "I do's" before the preacher, the fur is sure to fly as soon as they find out that the old idea that marriage makes two people one is a hoax and that neither has changed a bit.

The hyperthyroid wife will be quick-witted, high-spirited and nervous. The chances are she will be intelligent. But that won't keep her from throwing open the windows and practically freezing Hubby to death, for people with fast-working thyroids usually are warm-blooded and prefer cool rooms.

The hyper wife won't be any stay-at-home bride. She will love gaiety and want to step out a lot. But since people with the fast-working thyroid usually are "warm" and affectionate she won't want to go and leave Hubby alone with his pipe and book by the fireside. Not even though that is where he, the typical lazy hypothyroid, would rather be. No, she will want to drag him along to all the gongas on.

But, according to this theory, if the loving wife had realized that it wasn't pure

Science Analyzes the Old Nursery Rhyme About Skinny Jack Spratt and His Weighty Wife, to Illustrate How Fast or Slow Thyroids, and Unmatched Endocrine Glands May Wreck More Homes Than Temperament, Triangles or Battle-Axe Mamas-In-Law



An Extreme of Cupid's No. 1 Law That Opposites Attract Was the Marriage of 6-Foot 4-inch Lean Dr. Foy and 3-Foot 2-inch Billy Curtis—and Science's Decision That Glands That Work Differently (This Time Causing Giantess and Midget) Make People Disagree Proved True. The Marriage Was Annulled.

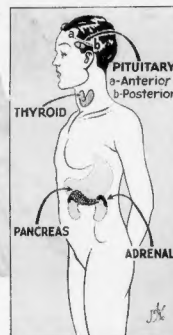


Diagram Showing Location of Endocrine Glands Believed by Dr. Goldstein to Influence Personality: The Thyroid in the Neck Controls Metabolism, the Pituitary is the Growth Gland, the Adrenals Affect Energy and Strength and the Ductless Portion of the Pancreas Secretes Insulin Into the Blood.

cussedness, but something he was born with, that made her husband like to lead a quiet life, she might have been willing to go at least fifty-fifty and spend half of the time at home where he liked to be. He then could have bowed to his wife's more active make-up and night-clubbed cheerfully, even against his will, the other half.

A hyperthyroid husband who revels in storks and chops, and never gets filled up—yet never puts on any weight—can get to be a pretty big nuisance around the neck of a hypothyroid wife who not only has to cook the meals but has to sit and watch him eat them, not daring to touch more than a morsel because of her tendency to add excess baggage with every mouthful she takes.

Opposites in coloring as well as the shapes of their faces and the types of their personalities, the English beauty, Miss Evelyn Laye, and her talented husband, the comedian "Sonnie" Hale, just couldn't get along. After their divorce he married dark-haired Jessie Matthews who had a personality more like his own.

Even the pets, including the wife's canary or rattlesnake, to which the husband insists he is allergic, wouldn't cause such bickering bouts if man and wife were more nearly alike. They would like the same pets.

And now science is preparing to match Fido to his master—or mistress—in personality, and one might almost say in looks. A study of glands in the breeding of dogs, first started by the late Dr. Charles B. Stockard, of the Medical School of Cornell University, shows that very definite dog personalities can be developed by control of the thyroid glands.

Hyperthyroid people, it is suggested, would do well to choose a Boston Terrier for their pet. He is small, active, intelligent and affectionate just as they themselves tend to be. He has the oval "football on end" head with "pop-eyes." Science has found, through post-mortems on these dogs, that they have very active thyroids.

The bulldog, on the other hand, is a good example of the "hypothyroid" or sluggish thyroid type. He is fairly large, heavy and clumsy. He is slow thinking and deliberate and not active, in fact he needs little exercise, if any. He is affectionate in his plodding fashion, but not a "great lover." His whole make-up is of the "foot-ball-on-the-side" type. Post-mortems have shown him to have a very inactive thyroid gland.

Scientists have taken sluggish dogs and made them active by giving them thyroid extract. But what is more interesting is that several leading breeders of dogs now are trying to develop their best friends of man to have thyroid and other glands so balanced that their personalities will meet the requirements of the home they will share.



The fragments of the ancient Prehistoric Land Island Which Was a Perfect Living Animal Tool. From the Earth's history, the fragments of the Prehistoric Land Island are the most important. The fragments of the Prehistoric Land Island are the most important. The fragments of the Prehistoric Land Island are the most important.

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But the Edison of Paleolithic times was the ancient cave man who first devised the bow and arrow. For the first time in history man was enabled to kill his adversary from a distance while purely protecting himself behind a tree trunk or some other well-secured place.

As the club became the forerunner of the sword and its real use was to do the work, and arrow became the ancestor of the great guns. A cavewoman armed from the apes and the bow. It is the first step toward the modern rifle.

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free countries of Western Europe and are much more out of sight than here. The bird was shot from the wing of time, the cat was shot from the wing of time. This is a very old bird with its appropriate name, and it is a very old bird with its appropriate name.

The female cuckoo places her chosen field of operation and carefully selects suitable nests of smaller birds for her own use. She lays her eggs in the nests of other birds. When the time for laying comes, the cuckoo flies to the nest chosen for the invasion, removes an egg, and replaces it with her own. She then returns to her own nest, and the host bird incubates the eggs.

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Man's Worst Weapon of War Invented First by Nature

Professor Whinnall, Colgate University, Points Out Astonishing Parallels Between Man's Masterpieces of Destruction and Prehistoric Monsters and Modern Creatures, Even to Fifth Columnists—Echoing the Words of Solomon That "There Is No New Thing Under the Sun"

hold down the last World War but nearly as old as life itself. Protective coloring and camouflage are common among many types of plants. Disguise and deceit have played a large part in the struggle for existence. So common are they that they are almost taken for granted.

The dead-end history of India has been the portion of its wings so perfectly adapted to the task that when it lights upon a twig it can remain motionless to a withering leaf. The venes in its wings are like the venes in the leaves and the pattern of its body of rough spots makes it very difficult for its enemies to detect its presence on bare twigs.

One kind of the so-called "walking-sticks" are elongated bodies like thin dried sticks which make it very difficult for their enemies to detect their presence on bare twigs.

The spider spider crab, a common denizen of the sea, is so perfectly adapted to its body of seaweed. If the seaweed is pulled up, the crab is pulled up with it. The crab is a red color, and the seaweed is a red color. The crab is a red color, and the seaweed is a red color.

A number of species of marine shellfish are so perfectly adapted to their environment that they are almost taken for granted. The sea urchin is a good example. It is a red color, and the sea urchin is a red color.

Even the case of the camel is a good example. The camel is a red color, and the camel is a red color. The camel is a red color, and the camel is a red color.

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From man's very advent he has sought means to lengthen his arm. A crude club picked at random from the debris of a forest was his first discovery. It was long years before young man was improved upon the club. This first invention stumbled upon the art of casting a spear or javelin such as young David, the shepherd boy of Palestine, hurled against towering Goliath.

But the Edison of Paleolithic times was the ancient cave man who first devised the bow and arrow. For the first time in history man was enabled to kill his adversary from a distance while purely protecting himself behind a tree trunk or some other well-secured place.

As the club became the forerunner of the sword and its real use was to do the work, and arrow became the ancestor of the great guns. A cavewoman armed from the apes and the bow. It is the first step toward the modern rifle.

Being able to afford to kill his enemy was a great advantage. It was the first step toward the modern rifle. It was the first step toward the modern rifle.

And the first step toward the modern rifle. It was the first step toward the modern rifle. It was the first step toward the modern rifle.

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Science to Prove Hercules and Other "Golden Age" Heroes Really Lived?

The Chance-Discovered Tomb of Greece's Ancient Queen Reveals That the Legendary Strong Man Was Most Likely a Military Strategist, Says Archeologist Dr. Persson; That Theseus' Cruel Minotaur Was Only a Symbol of Difficult Diplomacy—And Helen of Troy Was Merely an Excuse for the Trojan War

WHEN Dr. Axel W. Persson, the noted Swedish archeologist, unearthed the skeleton of a Greek King and Queen near the site of ancient Dendra in the Argive plain recently, he inadvertently caused some mythological skeletons to rattle in their legendary graves as well.

Most interesting of all the many things sought in from this history-laden soil was the skeleton of Hercules, wasn't it? Well, it is supposed that Hercules wasn't really a strong man like the Biblical Samson, but a military genius more like modern General Wavell, and that Theseus certainly did not slay the Minotaur because there never was such a animal, part man and part bull, on land.

That slaying but inconceivable hero seems to have existed but in reality to have been another smart military strategist who probably did not slay the Minotaur.

First, but not last, Helen of Troy was a great beauty, the beauty who was so precious to the Greeks. When the Trojan war ended in victory for the Greeks, Helen's husband, King Menelaus, could not very well get on with her, so he sent her to the Argive plain.

To understand the value of Dr. Persson's discovery, it must be remembered that far back of the classical age of Greece which reached its peak about 500 B.C., there had been another and perhaps even greater era preceding the blaze of Greek glory which is historic, there had been a long era of dark ages, quite like those of Europe after the Roman civilization was destroyed.

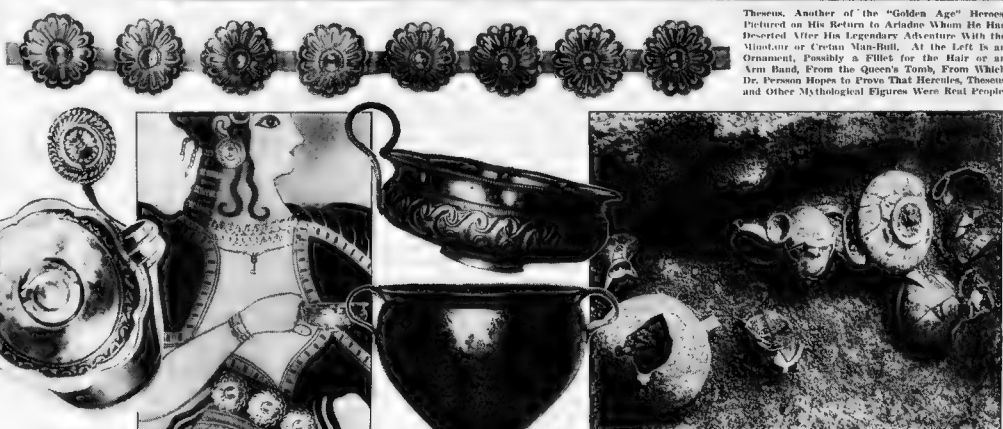
Across this black void, had come a glimmer about a previous Golden Age of the Eastern Mediterranean, which the classic Greeks put into writing and has come down to modern times in the form of myths.

Much of this, like the Greek gods, which turned everyone into stone, and Atlas, the giant with a strong back and a weak mind, who supported the earth on his shoulders, was so fantastic that it was all dismissed as poetic fiction, even the Trojan war, until some 65 years ago. Then Heinrich Schliemann proved that the Golden Age had really existed, Trojan war and all.

Dr. Persson has been peering away at this most historic area of the world's soil since the early 1920s when Crown Prince Gustaf of Sweden, crown prince of Greece and became interested in digging among the virtually forgotten ruins along the reward side of the Argive plain, rich in Hellenic lore. A Swedish expedition was organized headed by Dr. Persson, Professor of Classical Archeology at the University of Upsala, and Dr. Otto Frodin of the Historical Museum of Stockholm.

Ancient Mycenae, at the north end of the Argive plain on the Peloponnese of Southern Greece, the legendary stronghold of Agamemnon, "King of Kings," leader of the Greek expeditionary force against Troy, had been thoroughly explored. The excavators picked for their starting point the site of ancient Asine whose citadel still stood as late as 300 to 100 B.C. A few soundings showed that this was a lucky spot.

On the surface and just below it, were stone walls and pottery and metal implements dating from Roman times—from about 100 B.C. to 400 A.D. There was a Roman bath. Then came the works of the later Greeks, who were conquered by the Romans. A little deeper came the unmistakable relics of the Classic Greeks—about 500 to 300 B.C. Then



Jewels and Gold Ornaments Found in the Queen's Tomb, Superimposed on an Ancient Theban Wall Painting of a Woman to Show How They Looked in Use. All Were of Heaviest Gold, Indicating That the Queen Must Have Been Very—Or Unusually Rich. At the Left a Curious Gold Ornament Found in the Tomb.



Old Print of Hercules Slaying the Nine-Headed Hydra. One of His Twelve Legendary Labors. According to Dr. Persson, This Was Probably the Greeks' Way of Symbolizing His Clever Method of Conquering an Enemy (City With Nine Towers).

evidence of the Archaic Greeks, forerunners of the great Hellenic civilization and finally relics of the Golden Age of Mycenaean civilization, in the Late Chalcolithic or Bronze Age—

But all this was the dry dust of history. The scientists wanted evidence of personalities, individuals, important enough to leave such an impression on their times that it would still be visible today, after many thousand years.

It was the sharp eye of an American girl archeologist that led the expedition to its first

great discovery in that line. Miss Dorothy Barr, visiting a village near the site of ancient Dendra on some wholly unrelated errand—happened to stop to watch peasants at work in a field, laboring to lift stones out of the way of their plough. They were sweating and grunting as they tried to lift a particularly heavy flat slab, Miss Barr, on a hunch, interrupted them and examined the slab. Cautioning them to leave it alone, she scurried back and breathlessly announced to Dr. Persson.

"It's the upper lintel of a tholos one of the big, dome-shaped tombs of the Mycenaean King! I'm almost certain of it!"

The Swedish expedition left its work at Asine and secured permission to excavate at Dendra, not far away. A few days of feverish work proved that the American girl was right; the ground was carefully reared from around the flat stone, and it was found to be resting on two uprights. It was the doorway to a huge tomb, such as only rulers were buried in. And it was definitely of the Golden Age.

Feverish with excitement, but working as carefully as a dentist drilling on the edge of a cavity, they laid bare the long dromos, or entrance-way, and finally the huge tomb-chamber itself. Everywhere, pottery and relics of the various succeeding civilizations were found, for the dome of the chamber had long since caved in and the outlines of the tomb were lost as it filled with earth.

Hundreds of vase fragments and household implements of the later civilizations were dutifully examined and catalogued, the archeologists were almost beginning to despair of finding the precious Mycenaean relics, when, among worthless debris, they found a massive ring of pure gold. Then came several necklaces of gold rosette beads. Then weapons—swords and spears.

Then, in a deeper pit, closed by protecting slabs, came the real treasures, as the probes came nearer to the body of the King himself. They found fragments of an ornate egg, brightly painted and decorated with silver bands. There was a great cup; a beau-

tiful stoneware lamp; a huge engraved carnelian; other stones engraved with images of bulls and boars.

Finally the skeleton of the King was laid bare—just as he was buried more than 3,000 years ago. On his breast lay a great cup of pure beaten gold, decorated with jewels and marine and hunting scenes. Around his head, in a sort of crown, were plaques of green paste-glass. There were countless ornaments of lapis lazuli, of obsidian, of carnelian. Signet-rings and pendants bore intricate pictures of bulls, lions, dolphins, men and women. Not far from the original King's tomb, they made another sensational find—the tomb of a beautiful Mycenaean Queen. She was not the wife of the King whose tomb they had already found, but a great ruler in her own right, who appeared to have flourished about a generation before the King—around 1400 B.C.

The Queen's tomb was the richest yet, in gold and silver ornaments. Unlike the King's tomb, her resting-place contained no weapons, but mainly articles of women's adornment. There were priceless necklaces of gold and gems, lying in heaps about her mouldering skeleton. There were rich hammered bracelets, anklets, heavy earrings, gold and jeweled rings. By one dead hand lay a gold and silver goblet, encrusted with gems.

All the gold and silver articles, like those in the King's tomb, had thin layers of bronze between the gold and silver—the unmistakable technique of the Golden Age metalworkers who apparently did not know how to unite gold directly with silver.

Most of the thousands of ornaments carry an important message, because Kings and Queens did not waste precious time of their skilled artisans, making meaningless decorations. Each is a short-hand sentence of history which only an archeologist can hope to read. Careful study and comparison suggest the probability that they are symbolic records of mighty events of which even children learned the full details at their mother's knee, during the Golden Age.

After thorough study of various ornaments found in the ancient Queen's tomb, Dr. Persson concluded that Hercules, the Greek Hercules, was sent out by King Eurystheus to conquer other cities nearby and that all his labors were performed right on the Argive plain.

Theseus, Another of the "Golden Age" Heroes, Pictured on His Return to Ariadne Whom He Had Deserted After His Legendary Adventure With the Minotaur of Crete. At the Left is an Ornament, Possibly a Fillet for the Hair or an Arm Band, From the Queen's Tomb, From Which Dr. Persson Hopes to Prove That Hercules, Theseus and Other Mythological Figures Were Real People.



Pottery and Silver Vessels, Lying as the Spades of the Excavators Uncovered Them in a Shaft in the Queen's Tomb. At the Left is a Silver Vase and Above It a Golden Cup From the Excavations at Dendra.

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This reduced the city, all but the ninth or middle tower, which was in the center of the town, a citadel, built of such massive stones that it could not be pulled down. This was captured, not exactly by burying it under a rock but by building a ramp of rocks from the ruins of the other towers. Storming a city with nine towers could not be illustrated on a signet ring but a man fighting with a nine-headed monster could be. And that is how it trickled through the dark ages to the renaissance of the classic Greeks.

Another myth relates that Athens was forced to send an annual tribute of seven youths and seven maidens to the island city of Crete to be devoured by the Minotaur, a man with a bull's head. A hero named Theseus, from whom nobody could find his way out, Theseus, son of King Aegeus of Athens, went with a sword with which to kill the Minotaur and a ball of thread by which the party could find its way out.

The hero killed the monster and the party got away on his ship, taking Ariadne with them. But he married the girl on an island and forgot his promise to his father that he would change the black sails of the galley to white in case he was successful. The old King, seeing the ship coming into the Piraeus with funeral sails, committed suicide.

In reality, the bull was used as the symbol of Crete because it was the main feature of its religion. But to make clear that the animal was not meant, but the King, it was given a human head. What probably happened was that Theseus got the better of some complicated "abyss" led any which he relieved Athens of its tribute. The rest is only poetic barnacles and beard-moss.

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LUCY'S BEAUTY ROUSES LINNIE'S JEALOUSY

(Continued from Page 14)

not knock? Are you a woodpecker or a woman?"

Lucy tried to appear amused. "It's Ralph's wife, Judith. It's Jacqueline Grange."

"Instant of silence, then."

"Very well. Why not bring her in? I knew she was coming."

Don't make such a circumstance of introducing a great-niece-in-law. We all know Ralph's been married for almost two months."

The room was large, well-furnished, old chintzes, old rugs, old large pieces of furniture. A wood fire burned in a Franklin stove.

Opposite it, in an enormous footstool, sat Miss Judith Grange, a girl quite surrounded by an appropriate high and handsome head. Her small delicate features were fine and serene.

Her hair waved snow-white and vigorous above the dark level brows, the dark and glittering eyes.

She held out a long, fingered hand. The skin of her arm was as white and as firm as a young girl's.

"I'm glad Ralph has brought you to us, Jacqueline. Her voice was treble and sustained. "High-over has needed a mistress and that boy has certainly needed a wife. He's been getting into such a rut of business and newspaper reading that he was dreadfully dull. You look lively. And pretty. And young. But you have a grown girl of your own, Ralph tells me. Now, you tell me what you think about that step-daughter."

Linnie sat down in a small chair beside the bed, feeling very small herself and diminished in importance, having to look up like a child to the propped, high-backed figure.

"Well, really beautiful people, as you should know, do make the rest of us feel a little depressed at times. Lucy, I mean, was quite a shock to me at first. My own child is no beauty. Just what people call a sweet kid! But I'd be ashamed not to be very fond of Lucy. She's a nice creature and she hardly her fault that she makes less lucky women green with jealousy."

Judith flushed and laughed, her eyes had grown big with astonishment, anger, and then suddenly with mirth. "So you're jealous of the child. And you admit it."

Linnie shrugged. "But I haven't admitted it to anyone else, not even to Ralph. So please keep my shameful secret, Miss Grange."

"Aunt Judith, I should think!"

"Aunt Judith... with pleasure. Are you still sick? When can I get you for dinner at Highover?"

"I don't dine out any more. I can come here one day next week. La will telephone. When does your daughter get here? I feel I'd rather like to

know her better. Not many of them left, they tell me."

There are millions of them. Aunt Judith, and I'll bring you one as a sample. But not the night Ralph and I dine here because I want her to stay at home a few days. Lucy, I mean, I want her to like each other."

"Not a chance. Step-sisters? One of them... Lucy? That child's an imbecile, of course."

"O no, Aunt Judith. Why do you say that?"

"She is. She must be. Any real brains or character would have given her a twist or so, spoiled the picture a trifle, humanized it. Nobody has a chance to find out what a misanthrope she is because they do nothing but gaze at her with their mouths open. I've seen them. And, as to Ralph's secrets and my own too... what are you going to do about that?"

"Nothing. They adore her. I'm not small enough to find that unpleasant."

"You're waiting until they begin to discriminate against your Jacqueline."

Linnie knew that she flushed. She had not thought of this complication and Miss Grange's suggestion struck in rather deep. "I don't think they will do that," she said gravely and quickly, dropping her sharply playful tone. "Not to any noticeable extent. And I am sure Jackie can take care of her own interests."

"Jackie! What an absurd nickname! Can't you change that? I'm not going to call the child Jackie. Jacqueline is a very pretty name. Why didn't you stick to it?"

Linnie smiled again. "I really should have. But Jackie seems to suit her and I am sure. We can't quite live up to Jacqueline. It's too quaint. Like the Shoppe-people, don't you think?"

"You're amusing. Original! What a joy!... Good Heavens! Why would they send the doctor up just now like this?"

There had been no timid rapping. The door had been flung wide open and a man in a tweed suit, carrying a small black bag, marched firmly into the room.

A tall young man, eyes, very much with a quiet swinging step. He came over toward the bed focusing his brilliant, closely-lidded eyes upon the patient.

"Miss Grange, isn't it? Very glad to know you. And what's the trouble with you today?"

Miss Judith closed her mouth, relaxed the grip she had fastened upon her bedclothes and spoke in her highest key. "My dear sir, I haven't the vaguest notion who you are or why you're here or why anyone let you come up stairs and walk into my bedroom."

"I understood that you had sent for me. This is Miss Judith

Grange. He said she was sick."

I certainly don't send for you. Miss Judith, I'm Dr. Jeffrey Scollard."

"I'd better see that. That's a bad name. I don't think I should call it before but that's certainly going to be a nuisance. Dr. Jeffrey Scollard, I want to see you."

He took up his case. "Very well, I'm sorry. For more than one reason. I've just bought a new practice out here and you and your wife would have been my first really important patient. I'm a nerve specialist, by the way."

This seemed to be looking straight into her tangled brain from the fact, so that Linnie was not surprised to see her color change and her lips tremble. "Well... I apologize. Though it wasn't my fault. Someone really rang up my office and left a message."

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Wonderlands Under the Sea

(Continued from Front Page)

cannot be handled without injuring them. On the other hand there also exist in those remote solitudes numerous rigid types such as crabs and certain fishes, many of the latter having developed long and powerful teeth.

The number of deep-sea animals that have been discovered is considerable; yet, in a way of speaking, they are not dissimilar to the forms inhabiting shallower waters. What differences do exist are those of degree rather than those of kind. Under the changed conditions of life, they have been brought about merely special modifications of structure.

No fundamental features are found altered.

Consequently, it is presumed that because the animals of the deep sea resemble those now living in shallow waters, rather than those of ancient periods, the algal types may have migrated to their present home during some era comparatively recent. Nor does it seem that this migration has brought merely special modifications of structure.

Indeed, the indications are that this exodus from the shore is in the past.

Since the temperature of the ocean is constant and uniform throughout the world at certain depths, this fact makes it possible for many marine animals to thrive in deep tropical waters, animals which are sometimes identical with or closely related to those living in the shallow waters of colder seas. Some lobsters, for example, which occur along the shores of Norway are known to be closely allied to some that have been found in comparatively deep parts of the Indian Ocean.

From the fact that numerous deep-sea animals have been found at, or near, the surface, it has been supposed that they

leave the lower depths for the purpose of spawning. This is not unlikely, considering the adaptability of young fry to near-freezing temperatures. But there is another and equally urgent factor that brings them, the fishes especially, to the top. This factor is hunger.

All deep-sea creatures are or necessarily flesh-eating animals. This is so mainly because, aside from bacteria and tuffible vegetation, there are no plants growing in the deep sea. Thus, in the absence of green plant life and all that entails, it is clear that marine animals in those regions cannot continue to subsist mutually on one another. One source of food supply, of course, is in the form of dead organisms continuing to descend to the floor; and in the material thus settling upon the bottom the creatures that harbor in or crawl over, the nose find enough for their needs, and these in turn serve as food for others.

But there is not an adequate supply in the source just mentioned. As a matter of fact, life is relatively scarce at the bottom of the deep sea, and for this reason migration has already taken place. Old as it may appear, these creatures, many of them, are built or otherwise constituted to endure life at great depths and under great pressures, are easily able to come to the top. And they do so usually at night. During the early hours of darkness, the great upward migration has already taken place. It is then, within a hundred yards of the surface, that this hungry horde may be found fighting, frolicking and feasting amid the multitudes of less ferocious-looking forms (but perhaps no less so in fact) that commonly frequent the levels near the top.

The same advantages that make Greyhound travel the most popular for every-day trips, also make it first choice for glorious vacations—anywhere in This Amazing America. Many daily schedules, timed right—fares a fraction the cost of driving—more optional scenic routes than any other transportation can offer—liberal baggage privileges anywhere along the way.

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9

WHILE in certain sections of the country housekeepers may still be in the throes of the annual drive on behalf of cleanliness and sanitation, others are just about to begin the big spring push to root out home enemies such as dust, dirt, grime, mold, insects, household pests and their numerous allies. But in each and every campaign we may speak of the familiar vacuum cleaner as the big, powerful, efficient tank which will roll over and defeat the most obstinate battalions of bacteria.

The purchase of one of these delectable popular home appliances is no longer a haphazard undertaking. According to a recent report, practical women are interested in knowing about voltage, brashness, suction power and balance of any vacuum cleaner they propose to buy.

Without going into technical details, every housekeeper should bear in mind this important fact: The speed of operation for a vacuum cleaner is about 4 feet per second. On the other hand, it has been found that the cleaner known as a suction type should be pulled or pushed at the rate of 2 feet per second. Unless these approximate speeds are observed, not only are cleaning results lowered, but the woman's time and energy are seriously wasted. Less human energy is required to draw the cleaner slowly over the rug a few times than to draw it rapidly over the same place many times.

Now, what is the time-period necessary to clean any specified rug or floor covering area? It

Cooperating With Your Vacuum Cleaner

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

must be remembered that "cleaning" means not only removal of surface dust and threads and lint, but the abstraction, also, of the dirt which has been deposited in the living-room rug, size 9x12, we find that a minimum cleaning time of 10 minutes per room is required from 30 to 40 minutes per room would be much more desirable.

Upon this latter basis, it may be said that such a rug should be cleaned for 20 continuous minutes once a week, with 2 additional cleaning periods of 10 minutes each. This time will vary somewhat according to type of cleaner used. In how many homes is this time-period of cleaning followed strictly?

A sidelight on the dirt-removal problem is that about 4 per cent of all the dirt removed from the vacuum cleaner dust-bag consists of greasy particles which cake the dirt hard together and make it difficult to clean the bag in a thorough manner.

In metropolitan centers where there is much soot from cooking gas, or where persons track onto the floor grease from the streets dropped from automobiles, there is considerable dirt which is spread over the floor coverings than in the house in a rural environment. This oil film gradually coats over the wool or other fibers of the rug, and for this reason, even using a best vacuum cleaner, it will be necessary at stated intervals to have

fine rugs sent to the professional cleaners for a thorough shampoo, to restore their luster and original clear colors.

Other questions which women ask, or which should be asked by the prospective buyer, include:

"Is the handle of the cleaner insulated? Is there a switch near the top of the handle for ease and convenience in stopping or starting the cleaner?"

If the handle is well-balanced, as it should be, it will not return, no matter in what position it is left as the cleaner is laid down. Of course, there should always be a switch placed for utmost ease in controlling the cleaner's operation.

Now for the bag of the cleaner, into which is sucked the dirt, lint, hair, etc., removed from the rug. "Is the bag closely woven and of good size?" It should be large in size, not so much to hold a quantity of collected dirt, as that it should be large enough for a lot of air to pass through. The bag must be of a very closely-woven

textile or fabric, to aid in retaining all possible dirt in the bag.

The bag should be emptied each time of cleaning, and must not be considered a mechanical appendix or storage pocket for holding the dirt—a kind of double-enclosed dust-bag.

One of the greatest mistakes and faults of the average housekeeper is to fail to empty the cleaner bag sufficiently often, and then, when the motor is going, large clouds of impalpable dust are widely scattered into the room air—thereby undoing all the good which the cleaner is supposed to achieve. Not only shake out the bag after each time of use, but, twice monthly, take the bag, turn inside-out, and brush clean with a whisk-broom.

Every cleaner, too, has an electric cord which must be kept neatly coiled when not in use; above all, when disconnecting the cleaner cord from the floor outlet, do not tug on the cord to remove it, but place force on the plug, and not the cord. Pulling

on the cord is silly, useless, and sometimes dangerous.

One more question, that of the total weight of the cleaner, is important in houses where the woman herself must attempt to carry the cleaner upstairs to the bedrooms, or downstairs to the living-room. The weight may vary between 10 to 21 pounds on most makes of cleaners, but bears little or no relation to the ease in pushing the cleaner around.

A so-called "heavy" cleaner may not be more tiring to operate than a "lightweight" cleaner. But, if it must be carried upstairs very frequently, then that point bears watching. However, a good plan in most average homes is to keep the large cleaner permanently downstairs, and use only a small or junior cleaner upstairs, since this latter is also particularly efficient on mattresses.

Is there a seal of approval on the cord, or the appliance itself? Naturally, a recognized seal, either from the Underwriters' Laboratories, or an authoritative magazine testing station, gives the buyer assurance and confi-

dence in the product, and such seals should be noted.

"Do women like cleaning attachments?" Yes, and no. It appears that women in city homes make more use of such rods, extensions and other attachments than women in suburban and rural homes, the reason being that in the city there is not the space or opportunity to shake and hang furnishings, curtains, etc., to air on a clothesline, while in the suburban back-yard such space is provided.

On the whole, women are becoming more interested in the use of attachments, and use them more frequently and intelligently than a decade ago.

Where does the vacuum stay when not in use? Ah, here is a household "crime story," which still needs a solution! Too many houses make no adequate provision for parking any cleaner of this size. The so-called "cleaning closet," as built even in the model homes, is too often a deception and a snare—and almost useless. Lucky, indeed, that house-maker who has a hangar for her vacuum. Like all faithful servants, the vacuum deserves a good, spacious, airy room, and the human servants, too, it will give the most service if carried for and treated fairly by its employer.



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in One Simple, Easy Operation

Save Time and Labor with a MONTAMOWER.

Trim hedges and shaping areas just don't begin to name the things that MONTAMOWER can do. It's the only machine that does away with the dead weight to push and pull. Instead, just 7 pounds of line mechanism that drive the wheels, then onto the grass evenly, smoothly, and in the proper angle, as pictured, so arranged, it cuts as evenly as a razor. Cuts a 10" swath through long grass, dandelions, weeds, grass and weeds. Cuts right up to walls, fences, trees or posts; leaves no fingers to be stepped on. Cuts are self-discharging. Built to last many years. Many thousands in use. Sold direct from factory. Costs little. Write at once for literature information and catalogue.

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War Weapons Invented by Nature

(Continued from Double Page)

gle long arms, some of them 30 feet or more in length. This is greatly out of proportion to the size of the floating bag which may be only eight inches in diameter.

Among these long streamers, we find evidence of a weapon that is hurled from the body. One of these trailing ropes is lined with cells each of which contains a dart with a whip-like lash would around it.

At the approach of an enemy these capsules discharge their ammunition which shoots out and stings the invader.

So powerful are these explosive darts that they can raise on human beings great welts which cause a high fever.

But what is of greater interest in these days of time bombs is the fact that dead specimens picked up on beaches after storms at sea explode their nettle cells with as great fury as when the animal is floating on the sea in full vigor.

Bodily protection in the animal kingdom is common. The most complete armor ever devised by nature is to be found on the common oyster or clam. Not a single portion of flesh is unprotected when the bivalves clamp their shells together.

Man struggled valiantly to protect his naked body from the attacking claws and teeth of animals and from missiles of his human enemies. From the crudely dressed skins worn by the cavemen, to the more resistant leather jerkins of the peasantry of Europe and to the chain mail of the Middle Ages man improved upon his bodily protection.

The chain mail of the Twelfth to Fourteenth Centuries was apparently the last word in bodily armor since the hammered iron links woven into a shoddy garment permitted great flexibility. But this invented armor so proudly worn by the Medieval Knight was old in the world of nature.

During the early days of man, among the animals which were contemporary was the Giant Sloth, a mighty ancestor of its weak and lazy descendant the sluggish sloth of today.

Had man then had the initiative and destructive imagination he has today, he could have invented a shield of bones that would have long anticipated the cost of chain mail.

Inside the Giant Sloth's hide were bony plates which served as a concealed flexible armor. Indeed, had not this animal had this chain bone armor it is difficult to understand how it could have been able to survive the attacks of its enemies such as the powerful saber-toothed tiger and even less gigantic flesh eaters; for the sloth was not

built for speed. Its ponderous body rested upon short stocky legs and its feet were not adapted to rapid movement.

True, its powerful arms when once grasping its enemy could crush it to death, but that quivering power would have been of little avail against the teeth and claws of its attackers had not the hidden coat of bone stopped the penetration of fang and claw.

Chain mail was old when men were young!

The armored tank first employed by the British during the last World War, and improvised upon by the Germans in this one, has a remarkable counterpart in nature's warfare. Primarily the tank was used to crash through barb wire entanglements and other obstructions; to batter pillboxes and to cover difficult terrain. It was a mobile glorified development of the ancient battering ram.

In the far off days when dinosaurs ruled the land with as complete domination as their cousin Hitler now exerts over the continent of Europe, there was one of these reptilian monsters which was a formidable tank of the animal kingdom. It was the armored dinosaur, Stegosaurus. Never in the history of the world was any land animal so greatly protected by armor. Its body was covered with a flexible hide, thicker and more resistant to penetration than any hide known in nature. Along its back were two parallel rows of bony plates two feet in height and two feet wide at their base. These erect bony slabs ran in an arch from the creature's tail to its snout.

Then for good measure the extension of the tail carried a double row of bony spikes six inches through and, three feet long.

This brute with its hide and armored back and tail would have had little difficulty in plowing through a stand of young trees without causing any more damage to its leathery hide and bony plates than would be suffered by the iron sides of heavy tanks.

Blitzkriegs are not new among the animals. Grasshopper invasions have taken place since grasshoppers were evolved. But to observe the effect of a real animal blitzkrieg one should look upon the land after a horde of lemmings has passed over it.

Their method of marching is similar to the armies of mankind. Nothing stops them. They swarm over mountains and swim across rivers and even broad lakes. The lands are devastated. Behind their march no living blade of stem or leaf remains.

Poisoned arrows and poisoned spear heads are common among a number of savage races of today. Many insects are armed with stings that paralyze or kill but it has remained for man to invent one of the most horrible weapons of war—poison and obnoxious gases. He has found something which the animal did not do.

Or has he? Recall the skunk. Yes, verily, as the Preacher of Ecclesiastes said in that book of ancient wisdom:

"The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; that which is done is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun."

Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, III
—SKIN LIKE MAGNOLIA PETALS—



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Most Perfect Natural Beauties
I have ever seen
says famous Hollywood photographer



He has photographed many of the most beautiful women in America, yet this Southern beauty amazed him. Black hair, naturally arched eyebrows, great, dark eyes, and—

—luscious skin that is unbelievably smooth and lovely.

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2. Splashes her glowing clean face with cool, fragrant POND'S Freshener.

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Almanack Echoes

New England Clambake Memories

Dear Almanack:

Having been brought to manhood near the famous Quinebaug River which flows through my boyhood town of Fair Haven, Conn., into the Long Island Sound, I would like to relate how as a boy I used to help in preparing our famous Long Island clam bake.



Mostly we used sea weed or damp salt hay which was cut from the salt meadows near about. A clam bake in a boiler will not taste like an open air bake unless seaweed or salt hay is used. Cobble or flat stones were necessary to cook the bake. The stones were placed close together in the bottom of the pit which was a slightly hollowed circular spot from 3 to 6 feet across. On this we built a huge bonfire, and let it burn briskly for two hours.

When the fire died down we swept off the embers and spread a thick layer of seaweed or salt hay on the hissing hot stones. Then potatoes (Irish, sweet) were scattered over the seaweed or hay. Oysters in the shell and clams came next. The oysters and clams were seasoned and prepared for cooking. It was always hand-picked to cut up the oysters for fricassee and wrap up the pieces in clean cheese cloth and put them to bake.

If the fish was large we cut them up, too. Small fish were cleaned and wrapped up the same way as the chicken. Lobsters and crabs were sometimes used. Over all we spread seaweed, corn for which the outer husks had been peeled. With pitchforks we then covered up everything from sight with a thick layer of wet hay. We then drew a large canvas or sail cloth over the whole bake. Around the edges we shovelled on sand or dirt till there was not a crack or crevice from which the steam could escape. The bake was left for two hours without disturbing, after which we carefully rolled the canvas aside, removed hay and dished up the bake, putting each kind of food on a large platter or pie tin. Next we finished off with watermelons and coffee. We generally served two ears of corn, two potatoes (Irish, sweet), and twelve oysters and clams in the shell, 1/4 portion of chicken, and a good size portion of fish to each person. Yes, sir, those were the good old days, and we sea just as well do the same thing today, provided we live near the salt or fresh water, as the setting would make it more natural.

A. Kearney Brown, Colton, Calif.

My Brother's Almanack is an old-fashioned "clambake" to me. I have been reading it since I was a boy. I am sure that it is a great treasure to many of us. I am sure that it is a great treasure to many of us. I am sure that it is a great treasure to many of us.

CREAMY RICE PUDDING

Dear Almanack: I read your Almanack every

Sunday and enjoy it so much I feel I must share a recipe I always use and I know of a lot of other people who use it. I hope you can use it. It's my way of saying "Thank you" for so many happy hours of trying out all my neighbors' recipes. After all aren't we all sisters under the skin?

Also I want to congratulate you on being so friendly and neighborly. It warms one's heart.

1 quart milk
1/2 scant cup rice
1/2 scant cup sugar

Put the 3 ingredients in a saucepan and place over direct heat. Let come to a boil, stirring to keep the rice from sticking. Then boil for about half an hour or until the rice has swelled and it looks like filling for cream pies. Add a pinch of salt and when slightly cool, 2 teaspoons vanilla. Chill. It can be served plain or as it is very rich. I like to serve this all year round but mostly in the summer when a "clambake" can be as rich as can be to offset the light salad or soup.

Miss Ida Santucci, Smithfield, Ohio.

(Thank you for your letter, Mrs. Santucci. Many of us do like rice pudding and your recipe for it is a prize winner—Mary Lee Swan.)

STOVE CAKE ROLLS AGAIN

Dear Almanack: I read your Almanack every

Regarding the "Stove Cake" recipe in a recent issue, wish to state that my mother has

FOR all letters printed in this column, The American Weekly will pay \$1. A prize winning recipe is one that is new, original, and useful. The shorter the letter the better. Send to: The American Weekly, P. O. Box 101, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

made them ever since I can remember and always sends me some for Christmas. She calls them "Lefsa," which is the Norwegian name for them. We also call them "Lefsa." They will keep for days if kept in a cold place. Your recipe are the first I read in the Sunday paper, and I enjoy every one of them.

E. J. Swan, Dixon, Ill.

AN ACADIAN WRITES

Dear Almanack: I read with interest recipes from Old Acadia in a recent issue of The American Weekly. The styles of Grand and Pre were built to keep the salt water out of the marshes, it was salt hay and not bread corn that grew in the marshes. Corn will not grow in salt water irrigated fields.

I read the fine recipe and especially appreciate the clever decorations. I am an Acadian too.

Mrs. A. D. McLennan, Birmingham, Alabama.

(Mrs. McLennan it is very nice to hear from a descendant of those fine old Acadians.)

Appetizing Menus for the Week by Mary Lee Swan

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Peanut Butter and Jelly French Toast Cereal Milk Coffee	Breakfast Bananas Whole Grain Cereal Poached Eggs Milk Coffee	Breakfast Grapefruit and Juice Cereal Eggs Milk Coffee	Breakfast Orange Juice Cereal Eggs Milk Coffee	Breakfast Grapefruit and Juice Cereal Eggs Milk Coffee	Breakfast Grapefruit and Juice Cereal Eggs Milk Coffee	Breakfast Grapefruit and Juice Cereal Eggs Milk Coffee
Luncheon Creamed Corn Macaroni Beefsteak Fruit Milk	Luncheon Creamed Corn Macaroni Beefsteak Fruit Milk	Luncheon Creamed Corn Macaroni Beefsteak Fruit Milk	Luncheon Creamed Corn Macaroni Beefsteak Fruit Milk	Luncheon Creamed Corn Macaroni Beefsteak Fruit Milk	Luncheon Creamed Corn Macaroni Beefsteak Fruit Milk	Luncheon Creamed Corn Macaroni Beefsteak Fruit Milk
Dinner Food Dessert Sauce Syrup	Dinner Food Dessert Sauce Syrup	Dinner Food Dessert Sauce Syrup	Dinner Food Dessert Sauce Syrup	Dinner Food Dessert Sauce Syrup	Dinner Food Dessert Sauce Syrup	Dinner Food Dessert Sauce Syrup

RECIPES FROM OUR MENUS

Fruit Sherbet (Florida).
PRESS 3 bananas through fruit-press or ricer. Add juice 3 lemons and 2 oranges and 1/2 cup strained apricots. Chill. Dissolve 3 cups sugar in 3 cups hot water and chill. Combine with fruit mixture, add 3 eggs whites and freeze as usual.

Sea-Food Chow-Mein.
PLACE 1 pound lobster, crab, meat and cook in frying-pan for about five minutes with 2 cups water and 1/2 cup oil. Add 1 cup water or strained and skimmed fish or chicken stock mixed with 1 teaspoon cornstarch. Simmer three minutes. In another pan, cook 2 tablespoons butter with 1 shredded small onion for about 2 minutes, stirring constantly. Add 1 bunch celery, cut in very fine strips, and 1/2 pound sliced mushrooms. Cook five minutes, stirring constantly. Combine mixtures and add 1 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon pepper and a few grains cayenne. Pour over fried noodles and serve immediately.

Fried Noodles.
BEAT 1 egg slightly, add 1/2 teaspoon salt and sifted flour to make a very stiff dough. Roll out and roll on floured board. When rolled out as thin as possible, sprinkle with sifted flour, fold in layers about 12 inches wide, slice very thin, shake apart and fry in deep fat at 375 degrees until delicately browned. Drain on unglazed paper.

Sea-Food Chop-Suey.
COOK 1 pound crab or lobster meat with 2 tablespoons butter or shortening for five minutes. Cook 1 cup finely-shredded celery and 1 minced mild onion with 2 tablespoons butter for five minutes. Add 1 can chop-suey vegetables, 1 teaspoon soy sauce, 2 cups chicken stock or water or fish stock, and the cooked crab or lobster. Simmer gently until well blended. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Serve with steamed rice.

Sherry Almond Cream.
SOAK 1 tablespoon gelatin in 1/2 cup cold water. Dissolve in 1 cup boiling water. Add 1/2 cup sugar and 1/2 cup sherry wine. Chill until mixture begins to congeal. Beat with rotary egg beater. Fold in 6 stiffly-beaten egg whites and 1/2 teaspoon almond flavoring. The almond flavoring may be omitted. Pour into wet mold, refrigerate, if desired, for 1 hour. Unmold on serving.

Macédoine of Vegetables.
MIX 2 cups cooked dried car-rot, 2 cups cooked green peas, 1 cup cooked green beans, 1 cup cooked green corn, 1 cup cooked green peas, 1 cup cooked green peas, 1 cup cooked green peas. Season to taste with salt and pepper and melted butter. Reheat and serve.

Spring Toss Salad.
DIP 4 or 5 ripe tomatoes quickly into boiling water. Peel off skins. Chill tomatoes in refrigerator. Slice and arrange on crisp lettuce with ice-cold shredded young radishes and cucumber. Dress with French dressing, or the following dressing. Add enough beet juice to color dressing. The almond flavoring may be omitted. Pour into wet mold, refrigerate, if desired, for 1 hour. Unmold on serving.

Camouflaging Greens for Tasty Meals

(Continued from Page 18)

fire about 15 minutes. Pour in deep fat. Cool till set.

Here are a few suggestions for serving. Slice, dip in egg, in crumbs, and fry slowly till brown; turn once. Serve under poached chicken.

Slice, top with bacon strips or thin pat of fresh sausage, lay greens on pan, cook in oven. Fill ring mold with scrapings while hot. When set turn out on greased oven plate, brush top and sides with butter, sprinkle with fine crumbs, bake in oven till brown, fill center with creamed vegetables.

APPETIZING GREENS.
Here is an interesting suggestion for a one-dish dinner, the prize winner of Mr. M. Sweeney, Dunkirk, N. Y.

Small size ham hock, 3 pounds of greens, an assortment of mustard tarts and spinach.

Cover ham hock with boiling water and boil slowly for 30 minutes. Pour off water and when cool enough to handle remove skin. Cover again with boiling water, cover and boil slowly for one hour or until tender. Add well mashed greens, drained.

READY FOR SALAD TIME?
SPRINGTIME is salad time. The Almanack has 26 different salad recipes for you. Today salad, may be salad, avocado, lettuce, chicken salad, mayonnaise, etc. and many more. Send for the "Salad Recipe Book" today. It contains 26 recipes for salads, dressings, dips, and more. Send for it today. It contains 26 recipes for salads, dressings, dips, and more. Send for it today.

WOMEN

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A Nervous Strain

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WHEN YOUR FEET HURT, DON'T ALLOW IT TO BURN, TENDER, ITCHING, PERSPIRING, OR GET SORE AND CALLOUS! PUT LOTS IN YOUR FACE.

QUICK RELIEF!
GET PROMPT RELIEF WITH JOHNSON'S FOOT SOAP. SOFTENS CORNS AND CALLOUS! GET IT AT NEAREST DRUG STORE.

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WHAT THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS USE TO RELIEVE UNDISGUISED BLEMISHES

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Almanack Hints

HAVE you a time or money? The Almanack hints are so many and so good that you can't help but find them useful. The Almanack hints are so many and so good that you can't help but find them useful.

ALMANACK HINTS, EDITOR, Grand Central Station, New York.

STEW

A tasty and time-saving vegetable stew I make by combining a can of mixed vegetables, seasoning with salt and pepper. Place this stew in a deep casserole and top with biscuits made of prepared flour. Leftover meat delicious in small pieces is also cut into this stew.

Mrs. L. O. Adams, Louisville, Illinois.

LOAF

Corned beef can be used instead of ground meat to make meat loaf. Well seasoned it is very good.

Mrs. J. L. Sutherland, Laurinburg, N. C.

PASTRY

Here is a time saver: In doing the family washing, much time may be saved by pinning several handkerchiefs together (by a corner) with a safety pin. The pin may then be left in until they are taken from the line well dried. This surely is a help to me.

Mrs. Geraldine B. Brown, Lancaster, N. Y.

SOUP

I always bring my flour in thickened tomato or vegetable soup. This makes a very rich-looking soup and is much more delicious than when plain flour is used.

Mrs. Joyce Bolling, Jasper, Georgia.

BLINDS

When you put up Venetian blinds for the first time, it is worth your while to wax the slats. Wax will keep dust from clinging, and when damp cleaning becomes necessary the waxed surface can be gone over quickly.

Miss Dorinda Taylor, Portland, Maine.

TENDER

I find a good way to mend my finger by putting a knife handle in the finger of them. When you wash gloves stretch each finger with knife handle, to keep from shrinking too much.

Elizabeth Schmitt, Dubuque, Iowa.

SPONGE

When waxing floors with liquid wax use a sponge in place of a cloth, and carrying the wax can along just press the sponge lightly and once or twice filling the sponge will cover a large floor.

Cathryn Zeigler, Huntington, Pa.

BREATH

To can be and keep them nice dark red, take the water which they have been cooked in, strain your water and dilute the vinegar with it. They will stay red.

Mrs. William Laird, Kitzanning, Pa.

The American Weekly Patterns



BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

Pattern 306—A gay young

Pattern 309—Everyone's embrodered old-fashioned sampler. They're such colorful decorations. This one, inspired by the song, "Home, Sweet Home," is mainly in quick cross stitch. Pattern 3249 contains a transfer pattern of a sampler 12x14 inches. Illustration of stitches; materials needed; color chart and key.

PRICE OF PATTERNS

Every pattern contains a large, complete, fully followed sewing guide. To order these easy-to-make patterns, write plainly: NAMES, PATTERN NUMBERS, ZIP, NAME, STREET ADDRESS, CITY AND STATE. Enclose 15¢ in coin for each pattern and address your envelope to: AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERN DEPARTMENT, 682 NINTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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NATION-WIDE SPECIALS!

FREE APPLIERS
WITH BIG QUART CAN
JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING
GLO-COAT...both for only

98¢



"DON'T SCRUB LINOLEUM!" says Molly of Fibber McGee & Molly (Hear them Tuesday Nights NBC)



Don't miss this special Free offer now featured by your dealer. While his supply of these applicers lasts, you get one absolutely FREE with a quart of Glo-Coat, both for only 98¢. The applicer comes with a long, convenient handle. The head is washable, durable, just the right size to make an easy job still easier. Get this money-saving, work-saving combination right away—and then protect your linoleum floors with a gleaming Glo-Coat polish.

Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat is America's No. 1 Floor Polish. It makes linoleum last longer—keeps colors fresh and bright—saves work because it needs no rubbing or buffing. Hurry—before your dealer's supply of these Free applicers is gone!

other JOHNSON'S SPECIALS

See Your Dealer....for these

For hardwood floors, nothing equals genuine WAX!

First, because genuine WAX protects the floors against scratches, wear, dirt—saves refinishing. Second, because the rich gleam of waxed floors adds beauty to your entire home. Third, because waxed floors are easiest to keep clean. Also, genuine Johnson's Wax has 100 extra uses—for furniture, woodwork, refrigerators, leather goods, etc. Take advantage of this low price.

GENUINE JOHNSON'S WAX
the Wax with 100 Extra Uses

Quart or 2 Pound 98¢
Pint or Pound 59¢
(Save more on still larger sizes)



RENT THE JOHNSON ELECTRIC FLOOR POLISHER

from your dealer at low cost, or buy the Improved Model for only \$39.50. Also—see new Balanced Floor Polishing Brush, special \$1.19.

OH BOY! IS THIS NEW AUTO POLISH EASY TO USE!



Cleans and wax-polishes in one operation

—two jobs at once—in half the time it used to take. Try this sensational new polish—you'll say, "Your car looks like new when you use CARNU."



JOHNSON'S CARNU
PINT 59¢

Try this NEW kind of enamel for your kitchen!



It's easy to use—gives a smoother, more beautiful finish to furniture, woodwork and walls—because it actually contains wax. Gives a satiny, permanent wax-polish that is harder to scratch and mar, easier to clean. No harsh glare. One coat covers. Try it.

JOHNSON'S WAX-O-NAMEL

Dries with a satiny wax finish

BUY BY EYE!
19 smart colors—packed in glass containers so you see the exact colors.

3 1/2 pint (enough for a small kitchen cabinet) 70¢
1 pint 1/20

HERE'S A New Wax FOR YOUR FURNITURE AND WOODWORK!

The new Johnson's Cream Wax was especially formulated for furniture and woodwork. It cleans light-colored finishes amazingly—gives exquisite wax-lustre and protection. Easy to use—contains no oil to collect dust or smudge fingerprints.

JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX
Special 59¢ value
Johnson's Cream Wax & Johnson's Blem both for only

39¢



...BRIGHTENS AND CLEANS SILVER WITHOUT SCRATCHING!

For polishing silver you can't beat Shi-nup! It is kind to the hands, pleasant to use, does a perfect cleaning job without scratching. Just try it once.

JOHNSON'S SHI-NUP
Household Cleaner & Silver Polish
8 ounces 20¢
(also available in larger sizes)



made by the makers of...

JOHNSON'S WAX

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc., Racine, Wisconsin



Makers of Johnson's Wax—Glo-Coat—Carnu—Electric Floor Machines—Wax-O-Namel—Interior Finishes—Exterior Paints—Varnishes—Industrial Finishes—Furniture Polish—Shi-nup—Blem—Building Maintenance Products.

New Johnson Office Building, designed by Frank Lloyd Wright. Located near Johnson's main office at Racine, Wis.